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Asquith, Lady Cynthia

Her Majesty the Queen

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HER MAJESTY

*The Queen*

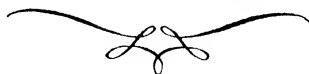


FROM THE PAINTING BY PHILIP DE LASZLO

HER MAJESTY  
*The*  
QUEEN

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND  
COMPLETE BIOGRAPHY

WRITTEN WITH THE APPROVAL  
OF HER MAJESTY



*by*

*Lady Cynthia Asquith*

WITH 30 ILLUSTRATIONS

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FIRST EDITION

ENGLISH EDITION ENTITLED "THE QUEEN"

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HER MAJESTY

*The Queen*





# HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

## CHAPTER I

**T**HOUGH England's beloved Queen Mary has lately suffered much bitter sorrow, one great consolation must lessen her grief ; the knowledge that the heavy burden now laid on the unassuming shoulders of her second son is to be shared by an ideal companion and Consort. And how greatly the heavy weight of kingship can thus be lightened who should know better than Queen Mary ?

Besides possessing the natural gifts which so clearly qualify her to adorn it, our new Queen comes to the throne already well tried and proved, not only as wife and mother, but also as an unself-sparing and gracious servant of the State.

Queen Elizabeth has indeed long been enthroned in the hearts of her husband's subjects. It is now nearly fourteen years since the day when, as the new Duchess of York, she so gracefully stepped into the pages of English history and began her conquest of its people.

On her wedding day the young bride could scarcely have failed to appeal to the popular imagination. Whatever her appearance and personality, the "youngest daughter" who, in England's latest fairy-story, had married the "King's Son," became a heroine for

whom the stage was well raised and brightly lit, and a spellbound audience assured.

But the very prominence of her position, the searchlight of scrutiny to which her marriage exposed her, gave quite as much scope for failure as for success. Though her appearance and charm of manner provided an admirable introduction, no natural advantages could have insured lasting popularity. To the new Princess, as to every other young girl, her marriage merely provided the opportunity.

But from the very outset the young Duchess of York's demeanour, a happy blend of delicate dignity and gentle friendliness, conquered both individuals and crowds; and, as time incontestably proved, that charm, vivacity and grace were united to even rarer qualities of heart and mind, her conquest of the English people grew steadily more assured.

Her marriage at once brought great responsibilities, but so strong was her sense of obligation that no single duty or difficulty was ever evaded. Undismayed, though fully aware of her undertaking, she at once showed an intelligent understanding of what may be called the profession of being royal, recognising that it involved not merely gracing a feudal formality, but becoming in very truth a servant of the State, and in this strenuous service she has never once faltered.

Unsupported by tact, no amount of conscientiousness could have qualified her to fit her very difficult position. It is the rare alliance of so many varied qualities in one ultra-feminine personality that has enabled our Queen to win and to hold the love and respect of the Empire.

A naturally happy nature has, I am sure, greatly contributed to her success. Those who discharge their

duties joylessly may do good work, but they are not able to *diffuse* happiness. Queen Elizabeth's gift for making others happy is largely due to the enjoyment she herself derives from its exercise.

Such politeness as springs only from the desire to make a good impression must in time appear mechanical, but the kind of manners, that, bred in the heart, owe their excellence to the unfailing and quite disinterested wish to make things pleasant for others, never lose their naturalness and charm.

Had the "smiling Duchess," as she soon came to be called, ever seemed to be merely acting a part, reaction would soon have set in. After so long and uninterrupted a run, any play would begin to pall. No performance can please for ever. But since she genuinely finds her own happiness in giving it to others, the world-famous smile still shows as bright, as spontaneous as sunshine. And that is why thousands still flock to see her passing by.

It is indeed remarkable that those who watch her presiding over any function should still be able to comment on the look of *surprise* in her expression. Most women, confronted for the thousandth time with a staring crowd and the task of opening a bazaar, unveiling a statue, or receiving a casket, might well look bewildered, but scarcely surprised. To her credit be it said that though Queen Elizabeth has never yet looked bewildered, she still frequently looks surprised! Each time the blushing child chosen for the occasion sidles up to her, she conveys the impression that she has never seen, still less expected to receive, any such thing as a bouquet. Can these lovely flowers really be intended for ME? her astonished eyes seem to say.

Thus each particular ceremony in Queen Elizabeth's

crowded life appears to be its climax ; each to-day *the* day up to which all others were leading.

Whatever the immediate occasion, it always seems worthy to claim the whole of her serene attention. Showing no trace of being either tired by yesterday or conscious of the claims of to-morrow, she never looks preoccupied, and thus never disappoints expectation.

It is an accepted commonplace to say that to meet any popular idol is to invite a sense of disillusion. But surely anyone who alleges disappointment on meeting Queen Elizabeth lays claim to a very lively imagination ? “ The camera cannot lie,” is one of the most flagrant of all lies, and, delightful as are many of the Queen’s photographs, most of them do her grave injustice, failing—as they do—to give more than the merest hint of her grace and her charm of expression. In any case no mere black and white so-called “ likeness ” could hope to reproduce the flower-like quality of her prettiness. To anyone, however familiar with her photographs, who sees her for the first time, the delicacy of the colouring and texture of the fair skin set off by the surprising darkness of the hair and the intense blueness of the eyes, must come as a delightful surprise.

Much has been said and written about Queen Elizabeth’s “ *indefinable charm.* ” In all true charm there is no doubt much that remains elusive, but surely in this case there is also plenty that can be accounted for. A lovely speaking voice and exquisite manners are not such very common attractions. “ Oh ! *what* a polite lady ! ” was the delighted comment of a little boy after he had been presented to the young Duchess of York. That a child should be able to distinguish exactly what it was that so much pleased him shows a very definite quality.

Queen Elizabeth's ease of manner—an ease which many find so blessedly contagious—suggests a complete freedom from shyness ; but, if such freedom is hers, it owes nothing to the self-confidence of complacency. On the contrary, it results from *unselfconsciousness* ; her unflinching wish to please springing, not from vanity, but from innate kindness of heart. Instead of worrying—as do the anxiously diffident—about what sort of impression she may be making, she entirely forgets her own self in concentrating on the well-being of whoever she is talking to.

The portrait-painter Sargent's remark : “ She is the only completely unself-conscious sitter I have ever had,” explains a great deal.

Besides her gift for setting others at their ease, Queen Elizabeth has another very special qualification for the part she has been called upon to play. She is blessed with the ability to appear unobtrusively dignified without ever seeming stiff. Hers is, in fact, not so much the ability to be dignified as the inability to be anything else ; her innate dignity being no adjunct to be taken on or off, but as inherent as the scent of a flower.

Add to all these qualities a delicious blend of gaiety and gravity, and an active as well as a responsive sense of humour, and I think quite enough has been said to prove that, besides the magic of indefinable charm, there are sufficient obvious reasons to account for her continued success.

To turn to lesser things. In dress she has shown skill by being always distinctive but never sensational, and the fact that she was one of the few young women who could remain unshingled without ever looking old-fashioned, is characteristic of her personality.

Readers of these pages will perhaps accuse the writer of bad advocacy. Where—they may complain—is the light and shade so necessary to any true portrait? Unrelieved praise makes monotonous reading. It is also apt to be unconvincing. But since I have been unable to discover any—what might be called—redeeming faults, how was this regrettable sameness to be avoided? Panegyrics without salt are liable to be taken—with a grain of salt. Yet for the sake of safeguarding a biography from the charge of insipidity, the writer could scarcely be expected to obey the dictum; “season with taste,” and invest a queen with fictitious faults. But if my praise is unmodified, at least it is not exaggerated. If no failings have been invented, neither have any virtues been magnified. Diversity has been sacrificed to truth.

Even in these feministic days there still lingers a die-hard tendency to regard charm and capacity as irreconcilable, and it is perhaps as an efficient business woman that Queen Elizabeth has not been sufficiently praised. So far from being content ever to remain a mere ornamental figurehead, she has always insisted on going into all the practical details of the many organisations with which she is connected. Apart from being conscientious, she no doubt realises that the only way to dodge boredom is to exercise intelligence and take a lively interest in whatever claims her time.

The discharge of her duties towards all the charities and institutions with which, as Duchess of York, she was connected, turned her days into an absolute mosaic of engagements. But, however strenuous her life, the expression in her clear eyes is still untroubled, and her smile as serene as ever. It has been said that “those

who bring happiness into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves." Is not one glance at Queen Elizabeth's radiant face enough to show us that she is still enjoying her reward?

And now an unforeseeable twist of History has again violently changed the entire course of her life. Fate has flung her a new and formidable challenge.

Since our confidence in both her resolution and her ability to meet this new challenge can only be strengthened by a study of her character and her life, let us follow the happy story of this unself-seeking daughter of Scotland who has thus had greatness thrust upon her.

## CHAPTER II

**T**HE youngest but one of ten children, Lady Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon, now Queen of England, was born on August 4th, 1900, at St. Paul's Waldenbury, the Hertfordshire home of her father, the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne.

The first ancestor in the long line of Strathmores, of whom there is any record, is Sir John Lyon of Forteviot, who was Chamberlain of Scotland from 1377 to 1382, and married Jean, the daughter of Robert II of Scotland. Their grandson, created the first Lord of Glamis, was one of the hostages for the ransom of King James I, who were delivered up to the English in 1424, and kept in captivity for some years. He and both his sons became Lords of Council, and two of his grandsons fell at Flodden. The tenth Lord Glamis was created Earl of Kinghorne, and the twelfth took the title of Strathmore.

In the seventeenth century John, the ninth Earl of Strathmore, added to his own the name of Bowes on account of his marriage to Mary Eleanor Bowes, a daughter of the wealthy owners of Streatlam Castle in Durham. The family name thus became Lyon-Bowes, but was soon changed to Bowes-Lyon.

Many members of this long line were actively involved in the turbulent history of their country. None in a more painfully picturesque manner than the unfortunate





THE QUEEN AND THE INSEPARABLE COMPANION OF HER  
CHILDHOOD, HER BROTHER DAVID



SEVEN YEARS OLD

Countess of Strathmore who, having rightly or wrongly been accused of conspiracy against the person of King James V, was burned as a witch in Edinburgh !

The environment of Queen Elizabeth's childhood was certainly strikingly picturesque, for her father, who had succeeded to the Earldom when he was four years old, was in the habit of dividing the year between the three beautiful country houses of which he was the owner. Of these three the most celebrated is the Scottish home of the Strathmores, Glamis Castle in Forfarshire, a fortress which came to the family over five hundred and fifty years ago when Princess Jean married Sir John Lyon.

Glamis is one of the names Shakespeare has sent thrilling through the centuries, and, though its connection with anyone so remote as Macbeth, "the Thane of Glamis," is only legendary, it probably is the oldest inhabited house in the British Isles.

A huge pile of weathered sand-stone, it rises with its many battlements and turrets silhouetted against the sky, from the "Strathmore," or in English "the great valley," a fertile plain lying between the Grampians and the heathered Sidlaws. For the building as it now stands, the first Earl Patrick, 1578-1615, was largely responsible. Over the doorway of the central stairway tower is the inscription: "Built by Patrick Lord Glamis and Anna Murray," and the monogram of this earl is still to be seen on various parts of the walls.

Originally there were nine walls around the castle, and on the lawn in front of it still stand two staunch towers, the sole survivors of the first line of defence.

A stronghold of superstition, Glamis Castle is the seat of more legends than any other home in Great Britain. The very air seems thick with tradition, and the peaceful present overcast by shadows from the savage past ; shadows that are without even electric light to disturb them.

The main gateway of this mediæval fortress is a triple-arched stone structure, battlemented and surmounted by carved lions, and inside there is still the heavily-barred "yett" or iron gate.

The huge circular stone staircase with its eighty-six steps, up which five people can walk abreast, is gauntly impressive. The oldest part of the building, it seems to belong to the dead rather than to the living. The immense thickness of its walls give it a vault-like coldness, and the solidity of its unworn stone steps has defied time and the tread of unnumbered generations of mortal footsteps.

Tradition asserts that it was up these stairs that the bleeding King Malcolm was carried to die in the room still called after him, while his assassins fled across the frozen fields to fall through the ice and be drowned in Forfar Loch.

And helter-skelter up and down these grim stairs, on which, besides King Malcolm, innumerable victims of fierce feuds perished, generations after generations of children have rushed in delirious games of hide-and-seek. None more swiftly than Queen Elizabeth and her brothers and sisters. What other children can ever have known quite such exciting scope for hide-and-seek? Besides real trap-doors, there are mural chambers concealed in the thickness of the walls and secret staircases with access to the vast roof. There is also a grisly well (now fortunately filled in) that used to com-

municate with the vaulted crypt beneath the Great Hall.

I do not think Queen Elizabeth ever felt any occasion to have recourse to the petition in the Scottish Litany :

“ From Ghoulies and Ghosties  
And long leggity beasties  
And all things that go bump in the night  
Good Lord, deliver us.”

In fact, in spite of the first impression made by the castle, it is difficult for a visitor to believe that so large and lively a family as Queen Elizabeth and her brothers and sisters can have failed to lay even the most persistent of ghosts. But, however free from fear themselves, while children they seldom neglected their admirable facilities for scaring the strangers within their gates, and they were all experts at fabricating dummy ghosts, whose terrifying forms they used to lay out in dimly-lit rooms of sinister reputation.

Most children delight in what a socialist, gloomily gazing at Hampton Court, described as “ grite whyste of spice ” (great waste of space), and I am sure the great stone Crypt with its men in shining armour, and the vast banqueting-hall, now used as the drawing-room, must have given no little satisfaction to Queen Elizabeth and her brothers and sisters.

The windows of this sometime banqueting-hall are recessed in walls eight feet in thickness, and it has a magnificent plaster ceiling finished in 1620 and a very fine fire-place, with two carved figures supporting the mantelpiece.

The famous Chapel close to the Great Hall was placed under the ban of Oliver Cromwell, and contains a much-used “ Priest’s Hole,” still betrayed by an

unpainted panel. In this Chapel an interesting picture clearly proclaims the family politics, the central figure of Christ being portrayed in the unmistakable likeness of the " Martyr-King " Charles I. The castle is in fact full of Stuart relics. Claverhouse's coat hangs in the hall ; and a suit of clothes, a sword and a watch belonging to Prince Charlie are still shown ; all of which properties he left behind him (the watch under his pillow) when forced to fly from the castle.

The bedstead in which he had slept, one elaborately worked in many coloured silks on a background of orange satin, is now worn beyond repair, but Lady Strathmore, who is an exquisite needlewoman, has had another one made on which with great skill and industry she has exactly copied all the intricate embroidery of the original, and on its valance she has embroidered the names of all her ten children.

In the room known as Sir Walter Scott's, the bed-hangings are still of tartan, for in this Scotch castle, as in others, it used to be the custom to hang the bed of each visitor of importance with his own family tartan so that the hostess had always to be prepared to welcome with the correct tartan any chief who might propose himself. The equipment necessitated by this refinement of hospitality must have kept all the cupboards crammed with tartan serge.

Though there are other close competitors, undoubtedly the grimmest bedroom in the whole castle is one, now no longer used, called the " Hangman's Chamber," so called, not as might be supposed because occupied by the public executioner, but because the last two people who slept in it both hanged themselves. The bell-board still bears the following rather sensational list of names :

“ Duncan’s Room.  
Old Armoury.  
Hangman’s Room.  
Prince Charlie’s Room.  
King Malcolm’s Room.”

During the childhood and girlhood of Queen Elizabeth the picturesque custom of two pipers entering the dining-room at the end of the evening meal to march with swinging kilts round and round the table playing their wild music, was still religiously kept up.

Nowadays the family all occupy rooms in the wing which was rebuilt in the last century and overlooks the Dutch garden. Nothing less ghost-like than this part of the house could be imagined.

One of the chief features just outside the castle is the immense sundial with its eighty-one separate dial faces.

A lovely formal Dutch garden is Lady Strathmore’s chief contribution to the beauty of her home. Designed by herself, this new garden is entirely encircled by a yew hedge. At one end a terrace is raised about four feet above the rest, and here there are two little garden-houses. In the centre the four semicircular stone steps are faced by a fountain lined with minute blue tiles, which, however dull the day, always give the happy effect of reflecting blue skies. In the recesses of the yew hedge, that makes the dark background to the brilliant herbaceous borders, Lady Strathmore intends to place ten statues—one of each of her ten children.

This garden contains many beautiful stone vases carved with the classical acanthus-leaf and other designs supplied by Lady Strathmore to local workmen, who have a cottage industry for stone-carving in every part of Angus. This garden, begun in 1907, was finished in

1910, the work being entirely carried out by local craftsmen, masons and stone-carvers, all of whose names are engraved on a plaque.

Although it is the family seat most associated with the Bowes-Lyons, it was not Glamis, but St. Paul's Waldenbury, the house in which she was born, that was the chief setting of Queen Elizabeth's nursery days. Except for three months of the autumn that were always spent at Glamis, a fortnight at Streatlam Castle in Durham, and an occasional visit to London, most of her early childhood was passed in Hertfordshire.

She tells me that for the first few years after her father succeeded to the earldom, she and her inseparable companion, David, the youngest of the family, regarded "Glamis as a holiday place, Streatlam as a visit, and St. Paul's as Home."

This division of the year provided the future Queen with wonderfully varied surroundings.

It would be difficult to find any dwelling more strongly contrasted to Glamis than St. Paul's Waldenbury, a beautiful Queen Anne house of rose-red brick with magnolia and honeysuckle rioting all over its friendly face.

Unlike the Scotch castle, this pleasant home suggests neither ancestors nor ghosts. Here no grim legends linger; no traditional past intrudes on the immediate present. So far from being haunted by the dead, one feels the whole place possessed by very-much-alive children. For this is a real family house; a benign setting that has given the freedom of all its happy rooms to many generations of brothers and sisters. No other building could give one a stronger impression of having been thoroughly lived in. Its atmosphere of a



happy English home recalls to one's memory so many of the familiar delights of childhood—charades, school-room-tea, home-made toffee, Christmas Eve, hide-and-seek. Nowhere in this well-worn house, one feels, can there ever have been any very strict rules as to the shutting of doors, the wiping of boots or the putting-away of toys ; any suggestion that dogs were likeable only “ in their place ” (*where*, I wonder, is that place ?). Least of all any edict that children should be seen, not heard. In all of these rooms children most certainly *have* been heard ; and as, after admiring the scrapbook-screens, you pass through the precautionary high gate of nursery tradition, the clamour of urgent young voices seems still to quiver on the air, and at every step you expect to have to jump out of the way to dodge the charge of children helter-skeltering down the staircase to escape into the garden.

The nursery in which Queen Elizabeth learned to walk is a much-loved room, during the last years frequently occupied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. As soon as you enter its door, something in the atmosphere brings back an almost forgotten sense of shelter and revives memories of long-lost treasures.

Precious, battered toys, shabby, hugged-out-of-shape woolly animals rise before your eyes and the dog's-eared pages of favourite books. The sight of the high fender suggests after-bath dryings by the fire, and once again you breathe the delicious smell of burning toast.

When I last saw this room, it was still unsacrificed to the fickleness of fashion. No up-to-date “ nursery freize ” adorned its walls, but the same old favourites—story-pictures hung up by the gardener over fifty years ago—were there to entrance Princess Elizabeth and

Princess Margaret just as they once entranced their mother.

For children at St. Paul's Waldenbury, out of doors is as rich in delights as indoors. On a hot day the whole place has about it an especially delicious smell of summer, and a persistent drowsy hum of bees and cooing of wood-pigeons. Long green alleys of smooth grass invite bare feet, and all within a short run there is a dairy with huge spoons to dip in the great bowls of cream, a knobbly, warted old oak too stout for six children's outspread arms to encircle, peacocks of clipped hawthorn, and ilex and mulberry trees. Roses of every possible shade bloom against a background of dark yew hedges, and there is a fascinating rock-garden. Enchanting, too, is the seventeenth-century pleached-lime alley trained in Latin mottoes. But the outstanding feature and fascination of the whole place is the little wood laid out by Le Notre, or one of his pupils. Merging with the garden, this starfish-shaped convergence of green alleys gives the most extraordinary illusion of being part of a large forest. Wandering in its deep shade, it is almost impossible to believe yourself still within call of the road by which you approached the now hidden house.

Of this home of her childhood, the scene of so many happy springs and summers, the Queen has a medley of memories. An iridescent haze shimmers over those early days, but as she searches back through the intervening years a throng of unforgettable sights, scents and sounds assails her. The shimmering haze receives her, and once more she knows what it feels like to be so little that the smell of hot grass is close to her face and very strong.

This is what she goes back to (so she tells me) :  
“ At the bottom of the garden, where the sun always seems to be shining, is THE WOOD—the haunt of fairies, with its anemones and ponds, and moss-grown statues, and the BIG OAK under which she reads and where the two ring-doves, Caroline-Curly-Love and Rhoda-Wrigley-Worm, contentedly coo in their wicker-work ‘ Ideal Home.’

“ There are carpets of primroses and anemones to sit on, and she generally has tea either in the shadow of the statue of Diana or near another very favourite one called the ‘ Running Footman ’ or the ‘ Bounding Butler ’ (to grown-up people known as the Disc-Thrower). These statues live in cut-out grassy places, and sometimes there are wild strawberries around them, sometimes bee-orchises.

“ Whenever—and this is often—a dead bird is found in this enchanted wood it is given solemn burial in a small box lined with rose-leaves.

“ Her small brother David is always with her and usually a tiny Shetland pony called ‘ Bobs.’ Bobs will follow her into the house and even walk up and down the long stone steps, and she has to be very careful that he does not tread on her little brother’s toes.

“ Now it is time to go haymaking, which means getting very hot in a delicious smell. Very often she gets up wonderfully early—about six o’clock—to feed her chickens and make sure they are safe after the dangers of the night. The hens stubbornly insist on laying their eggs in a place called the FLEA HOUSE, and this is where she and her brother go and hide from Nurse.

“ Nothing is quite so good as the FLEA HOUSE, but the place called the HARNESS ROOM is very attractive too.

Besides hens there are bantams-whose-eggs-for-tea-are-so-good. Also Persian kittens and tortoises." . . .

To Queen Elizabeth, thus, St. Paul's Waldenbury was home in the very fullest meaning of the word ; and for her its lovely little wood will always remain THE WOOD—the " Enchanted Wood." It was the theatre that staged so much of her childhood's make-believe. Beneath its trees she used often to pretend that her real name was "*Princess Elizabeth.*"

And now she plays beneath the same trees with another Elizabeth—a real Princess Elizabeth !

### CHAPTER III

**T**O be the youngest but one of a family large enough to form a clan in itself, is a bracing upbringing. It was in no sheltered seclusion, but in the hurly-burly of big brothers and their big dogs, that Queen Elizabeth learnt to walk and to live.

Of her mother, Lady Strathmore, before her marriage Miss Cecilia Cavendish-Bentinck, a cousin of the Duke of Portland, it was said : " If there be a genius for family life, she has it." Certainly, from all accounts, no mother can ever have been more loving or more loved.

It has been a pleasant task to peer into so happy a childhood as Queen Elizabeth's, and inquire to what extent the promise of the flower was already discernible in the bud.

Few children can have been more happily or more wisely brought up.

" Happy is the nation that has no history."

The same may be said of childhood.

The story of Queen Elizabeth's early years is peacefully devoid of startling incidents. No serious illnesses interrupted her enjoyment of life. Neither did she meet with any accident. She never got lost. No one stole her. Nor—so far as I can discover—did she ever meet with any gipsy prophetic enough to foretell her romantic destiny.

It would be entertaining to be able to report acts of

sensational naughtiness, but to do so would be to stray from biography into the realm of fiction.

Though of malice I can find no trace ; of her “ merry mischief,” as the tenants at Glamis still call it, there are many stories. Aged retainers tell me (proudly, not resentfully) how they spent no little time tightly fastened by painfully fine string to fences and trees. Willing sacrifices to realism, they were greatly adding to the joys of a game called “ Red Indians.”

And sometimes visitors to Glamis were startled by cascades of water descending on their heads from above, followed by exultant peals of laughter from an elfin child hidden on the roof.

Queen Elizabeth's younger brother, David Bowes-Lyon, tells me that, determined on adventure, he and his sister once decided to run away from home, and, for this purpose, concealed about their persons a store of emergency provisions—mouldy bread, bananas gone brown, and melted chocolate. But, as their mother has no recollection of this escapade, I gather that the truants cannot have run very far.

On one boasted occasion, they gave their father's chauffeur palpitations by placing a football immediately in front of one of the wheels of the car. Their trouble was rewarded. As the car started, the football burst with a gratifyingly loud explosion.

But amongst the inevitable pranks of healthy childhood, search as I may, I can (I say it with regret) find only *one* on which the dignity of the name of crime can possibly be conferred. This crime—one of destruction—was perpetrated at the age of six. The culprit confessed and the following dialogue ensued. Wriggling into the arms of a favourite visitor, the little girl whispered : “ I have been so naughty. I'll tell you, but you

must promise not to tell Mother before I tell her Self."

Visitor : " What *have* you done, Elizabeth ? "

Culprit (in a voice of wan pride) : " I have used the pair of scissors Mother has just given me, and cut up all my sheets and towels into small strips ! "

Visitor : " What *will* Mother say when you tell her ? "

Culprit : " Oh ! *Elizabeth !* "—which was precisely all that Lady Strathmore did say.

However dull the truth, it must be told, and, in spite of this promising scissors crime, I am afraid it was a mere flash in the pan, and alas ! it is not possible for me to claim for my heroine the rank of a naughty child. Her incorrigible goodness seems irretrievably proved by the fact that one of her governesses—a woman by no means easy to please, could find only one charge to bring against her pupil. Speaking as a pianoforte-teacher, she complained " Lady Elizabeth's hands are too small." It must be admitted that Queen Elizabeth's hands are still very far from large, while in shoes she takes size three and a half.

Except for a somewhat exaggerated appreciation of chocolate cake, it does not even appear that Queen Elizabeth ever knew the raptures of a really greedy child.

So far as I can gather, she was not much addicted to weeping, though I believe tears did fall copiously each time her brother David returned to school, and I have been told of three other occasions on which she wept very bitterly.

The first was when one in authority considered it necessary to correct her beloved brother David with a hunting-crop. Although the crop was never handled with enough severity to check the victim's peals of

laughter, his tender-hearted sister sat up in bed and sobbed.

The second was a very bitter occasion. Little Lady Elizabeth and her brother had bought two very enticing black Berkshire pigs. These unusual pets were christened Lucifer and Emma and cherished for several months. One dreadful day Lucifer was kidnapped and advertised as the First Prize in a raffle at the local bazaar. His horrified owners broke open their own saving-boxes and by sacrificing their entire capital, contrived to buy up half the tickets. But all in vain ! Beautiful black Lucifer was won by a stranger and vanished for ever from their sight. I cannot think how this tragedy can have occurred, and can only assume that Lady Strathmore was far from home.

The third tragedy was when Bobby, a beloved bullfinch who for many years had fed out of his little mistresses's plate at meals, was found dead—murdered by the cat. The Queen's brother tells me she laid poor Bobby out in a cedar-wood pencil box, and reverently buried him in a deep grave, tearfully officiating at a service entirely of her own composition.

Of childish vanity I can find no record. The one and only occasion when she does appear to have been rather puffed up with pride was when she was stung by a bee, and, flushed with elation, rushed about proclaiming the fact : " Clever me ! Me's got a sting in my chin—a whole sting in my chin ! Would anyone like to take it out ? "

Alas ! no one will tell me of any huffs, rages, sulks, tantrums, dumps or doldrums, so I suppose I must accept the fact that none there were. Certainly all those in charge of the future Queen seemed to have



found it agreeable to remain on in her service. Clara Cooper Knight, who came to be her nurse when she was a month old, stayed till her charge was eleven, and ten years ago returned to be nurse to Princess Elizabeth. She tells me she remembers the Queen as "an exceptionally happy baby; crawling early, running at thirteen months and talking very young." When Clara Cooper Knight left, Miss Catherine MacClean followed as children's maid, and she is still with her mistress as lady's maid. ("Dresser" she will now be called at Buckingham Palace.) "Lady Elizabeth always makes everyone so happy," was the excellent reason she gave for staying on in the service of the future Queen.

Certainly the vivacity, grace of manner and consideration for others for which Queen Elizabeth is now celebrated, showed themselves very early. Though intensely enjoying all that her contemporaries enjoyed, she always had a great fondness for the company of her elders, and few children can have left more vivid impression on grown-up people. Many declare themselves to have been "enslaved beyond release," and all agree that she positively radiated charm.

From all I can gather, the child was the miniature of the woman, and, curiously enough, her demure grace and diminutive dignity early earned her the courtesy title, universally used, of "Princess Elizabeth."

Her exceptional social instinct may be said to have showed itself in babyhood. She lisped civilities, and long before she could speak plainly, knew how to put others at their ease.

From all accounts the future Queen appears to have played the perfect hostess long before she was sufficiently steady on her own legs to play even the game of Ring-a-ring-a-roses. Picture her, still at the stage of having

to plant each foot in turn upon the same step, assiduously marshalling guests upstairs to show them to their rooms.

At an incredibly early age her mother once found her pouring out tea (for which she had rung herself) and making small talk to a large party of neighbours who had arrived sooner than was expected, and under the little hostess's direction the conversation was as light as the tea-pot was heavy.

"Shall us sit and talk?" said the three-years child to a distinguished visitor. The sentence was a command rather than an invitation, and gently but firmly detaching him from the rest of the company, she led the social lion into one of the little rooms just off the drawing-room, and there they *did* "sit and talk" for three-quarters of an hour.

In earliest infancy, I am told, she always spoke with a deliciously quaint precision, politely rejecting all the conventionally childish terms such as "Bow-Wow" and "Puff-Puff," and, unlike those of most children, her remarks were usually about other people.

On her third birthday she amused Mr. Ralston, who for forty-five years had been factor on the Glamis estate, by greeting him with the words: "How do you do, Mr. Ralston? I have not seen you look so well, not for years and years, but I am sure you will be sorry to know that Lord Strathmore has got the teeth-aches."

Signs of the housewifely instinct were shown precociously early. A frequent and welcome visitor in the still-room, she said one day: "If you *could* make the pats of butter smaller, it would be much more better. Persons leave some of the big pats on their plates and that is very very waste."

The still-room and kitchen fascinated her. Neither was the estate office neglected. Here she was in the



THE QUEEN AT SEVEN



*Pictures, Inc.*

THE QUEEN AT NINE YEARS OF AGE IN A  
PERIOD FANCY DRESS COSTUME

habit of coming to levy pennies with which to buy sweets for her brother. "May I have *silver* pennies this time?" her gentle voice once hopefully inquired.

A then frequent visitor at Glamis wrote: "Elizabeth was always the most astonishing child for knowing the right thing to say. Once when she was seven, my daughters were consulting as to the best method of dealing with a very difficult guest. 'Oh! I know!' one of them at last exclaimed. 'Let us ask Elizabeth. She can talk to *anyone*!'"

All agree as to the remarkable tact shown in early childhood. Indeed had she been consciously rehearsing for her future position, she could scarcely have practised her good manners more assiduously. But then—as now—their excellence was due, not to the desire to win praise, but to the impulse to make other people comfortable. Thus, having no ulterior motive, but being perfectly spontaneous, her good behaviour never gave offence even to those sternest of critics, other children.

Her precocious sense of fitness must however sometimes have been hampering to her lively self. For instance, when she knocked at the still-room door and pleaded: "May I come in and eat more—*much* more of that chocolate cake than I liked to eat while it was *upstairs*?"

In spite of diligent research I can discover only one occasion on which she slightly embarrassed her parents. Lady Nina Balfour, a great friend of the family, had just come into the room.

"We haven't had no presents lately, Elizabeth," David Lyon complained to his sister.

"No," said she cheerfully, "but perhaps we shall have some big ones now Nina has come."

"Are you engaged, Elizabeth?" asked the same

visitor, pointing to the ring embedded in a chubby fourth finger.

"No, not yet," came the answer. "I'm afraid it was only Mother what gave me this ring."

Lady Strathmore considers the following remark the most characteristic of her daughter's baby-sayings. Two people were talking of an apparently very unattractive young man.

"How sad to think," said one, "that poor X will only be married for his position and money."

"Perhaps," said a gentle voice, faintly tinged with reproach, "perhaps someone will marry him 'cos she loves him."

## CHAPTER IV

**T**HOUGH, as has already been said, during Queen Elizabeth's early childhood the year was chiefly divided between her father's Scottish and English homes, St. Paul's, Glamis and Waldenbury (Streatlam Castle in Durham, now sold, was only occasionally and briefly visited), several weeks of each year used to be spent in London, where Lord Strathmore owned a beautiful Adams house in St. James's Place.

Gratified greed cannot always compensate for social discomfort, and many children find themselves quite unable to enjoy children's parties. But as Queen Elizabeth was too unselfconscious to be shy, she greatly enjoyed all the parties that her presence (so her hostesses tell me) appreciably enlivened.

It was at one of these children's parties—one given by Lady Leicester—that at the age of five she made a notable conquest. This was the occasion on which our present King first saw his future wife and, in spite of all the distractions of crackers and iced-sugar cakes, the little girl in rose-pink satin made so deep an impression on the boy Prince that at their first grown-up meeting, about thirteen years later, he immediately recognised her.

On the occasions of these parties she was, it appears, always surrounded by a bevy of adoring children. One of her contemporaries, now a distinguished author,

has set down the impression she made on him when she was six years old. This, written soon after she became Duchess of York, is Lord David Cecil's account of Queen Elizabeth in her early childhood :

" No child I can remember had charm to anything approaching the same degree as the Duchess of York. If I peer back into the mists of childhood, a few pictures detach themselves, made memorable and lit up by the rosy glow of her personality. I was a sentimental, susceptible little boy. Every month saw some new goddess dawn over my horizon, some little girl ' my favourite friend ' whom I used to wait for in Hyde Park in the morning, or make an anxious rush to sit beside at a party. They did not all return my affection. With the austerity of their age they were wont to prefer a companion of their own sex, but I persevered. At this time I was devoted to M., chiefly on account of her long hair, which I considered the distinguishing mark of feminine beauty ; and I was pursuing her smooth, black plaits through the slim Adam columns and pale plastered drawing-rooms of Lansdowne House when my shoulder was seized by a grown-up lady who said : ' I want you to come and talk to this little girl ; she is called Elizabeth Lyon.' I turned and looked and was aware of a small, charming rosy face around which twined and strayed rings and tendrils of silken hair, and a pair of dewy grey eyes. Her flower-like mouth parted in a grave, enchanting smile, and between the pearly teeth flowed out tones of drowsy melting sweetness that seemed to caress the words they uttered. From that moment my small damp hand clutched at hers and I never left her side. Forgotten were the charms of M. Her hair might stretch from London to Paraguay for all I cared. Forgotten



were all the pretenders to my heart. Here was the true heroine. She had come. I had seen and she had conquered.

“ For the next two summers she figured largely in my life. I remember her playing in the Park, racing beside her yellow-haired brother, her hair flying in the wind, her cheeks bright with the exercise, her clear infectious laugh ringing out : or sitting demurely at the tea-table : or best of all, at a fancy-dress party dressed as a Vandyck child, with high square bodice and stiff satin skirts, surrounded by a bevy of adorers. I thought she was like the Princess of every fairy-tale I had ever read. ‘ Why, she’s exactly like one of the children of Charles I,’ said a lady behind me. From that moment Charles I, about whom I then knew nothing, for I had only got as far as Richard I, became my favourite king in history.

“ After those two summers I never saw the Duchess again until I grew up, except once, when I was ten years old, living in London because I was too ill to go to school. Then she came to tea with her governess. Outside the short November day was fading to a close. I lay upon a sofa, watching the gale blow about the tops of the plane trees, listening to the patter of the rain on the window and feeling very small and lonely. The door was thrown open and a lady came in with a little girl. It was over three years since I had seen her, an age in a child’s life, and in the dim light I hardly knew her for a moment. She was taller and paler and darker than I remembered. But her charm was the same : the drowsy caressing voice, the slow sweet smile, the delicious gurgle of laughter, the soft eyes glowing with sympathy as she leant forward in the firelight ; they had not altered. At the first silvery words all my depression

fell from me. And when she went I felt it worth being ill a thousand times over so to be visited."

Besides the occasional weeks spent in London the routine of the future Queen's life was several times joyfully interrupted by visits to Italy, where she went to stay at the Villa Capponi with Lady Strathmore's beautiful mother, Mrs. Scott.

The Queen vividly remembers the thrill of night travel and restaurant-car meals, and at the end of the journey the glamour of being "abroad," the amusing gabble and gesticulation of foreigners, and all the colour and beauty of this Italian home. No wonder, for her grandmother's garden, glowing in Southern sunshine, was a dream of loveliness. Magnificent cypresses were outlined against the blue distant mountains behind Fiesole and, immediately below, the little girl could see the city of Florence with Giotto's famous tower.

Inside everything was in perfect harmony with the surroundings, and one can imagine how impressive to a child must have been the great room with an organ at one end, and dark panelled walls; a stately solemn room, yet full of comfort and brightness. Lovely furniture, flowers, books—beauty everywhere. And the little chapel with its few exquisite pictures, and walls covered with red damask.

Good as it was to go abroad, it was equally delightful to return to her English or her Scottish home, in neither of which was life ever dull. For though "the Benjamins"—as Lady Elizabeth and her youngest brother David were called—of the Bowes-Lyon family were so inseparable, they were by no means left to themselves, for they were amply provided with atten-

tive elder brothers and sisters, in all of whose interests the Queen Elizabeth was deeply absorbed.

To the child of seven years old the marriage of her eldest brother, Lord Glamis, to the Duke of Leeds' daughter, Lady Dorothy Osborne, came as a great excitement. "Me and Dorothy's little brother are going to be bridesmaids," she wrote.

Two years later there was another family wedding, when Lord Strathmore's eldest daughter, Lady May, married Lord Elphinstone, and Queen Elizabeth—this time in a Romney frock—was again a bridesmaid.

There still remained one unmarried sister, and of her much-loved companionship Queen Elizabeth was not deprived for many years, for it was not until 1916 that Lady Rose married Mr. Leveson-Gower. She tells me, "Elizabeth was an ideal younger sister : always original and amusing and, as now, full of fun or sympathy—whichever you happened to need at the moment."

Early provided with a bevy of nephews and nieces, Queen Elizabeth always showed great aptitude for aunthood. As instructress in the art of making daisy chains, organizer of hide-and-seek, dressing-up and picnics, "Aunt Elizabuff" reigned supreme. Also as proprietor of pets, for besides birds she kept rabbits, frogs, chickens, goats, tortoises and pigs. Aunts who keep pigs are none too common, and the nephews and nieces were properly grateful.

Never in her own early childhood had Queen Elizabeth ever been at a loss for occupation. That bored cry of : "What can we do now?" never distressed the ears of her attendants. Able to make her own fun, she required no jaded slaves of the lamp to entertain her.

When she was quite small she liked playing with dolls,

but they needed to have eyes that would open and shut, and real hair that could stand rather ostentatious brushing.

As soon as ever she could read she gobbled books, and her nurse tells me she remembers elbows perpetually rough and red from excessive reading on the floor.

Though now an ardent and good tennis-player, Queen Elizabeth was as a child more addicted to climbing trees and running races than to orthodox games, and golf held no charms for her. Riding she loved, and at a very early age was allowed to trot about on "Bobs" by herself. In her scarlet riding-habit, proudly waving to all she met, she was a familiar figure on this minute Shetland pony, who was so tame that when her little mistress dismounted from his back, as often as not he would follow her indoors and sometimes even upstairs.

On wet days the family dressing-up chest was an unfailing resource. Not only was it full of costumes of the periods between James I and George IV, but it also held a wonderful variety of wigs.

But probably in all weathers and at all times the little Lady Elizabeth's favourite occupation was making friends. At this pastime she was so successful that visitors, pretending to be superstitious, used by deliberate miscounting to make Lady Strathmore believe her party to be thirteen in number so that her youngest daughter should come down to luncheon to make fourteen. "How many will there be in the dining-room?" the butler asked on day. "Fourteen if you count I," answered Lady Elizabeth.

Here, before leaving the Queen's early childhood, I will insert a description of her and her family by Lord Gorell, written soon after her marriage.

## A REMEMBRANCE, 1927

“ It is quite twenty-one years since I first was enslaved by the charms of little Lady Elizabeth Lyon : she had just attained the fascinating age of six, and she took my heart by storm even as she has since taken by storm the hearts of the whole British people. It was no exceptional conquest on her part ; she had a way with her, even so long ago, which made complete slaves of all her acquaintances. But after a few days’ preliminary shyness, during which the stranger was gazed at solemn-eyed as a probationer, she discovered that he had a certain faculty for nonsense, and she invested him accordingly with the honours of her confidence, soon reaching to the stage when she was sufficiently sure of her power imperiously to command her youngest brother, David, then aged four, not to bother ‘ me,’ with the unconcealed object of clearing him out of the way in order to ‘ bother ’ me all by herself. Two years later she confided to me that ‘ she was sure she had bothered me awfully ’ when she was six.

“ That was not a fear that she need ever have entertained : there are children, of course, who do bother grown-ups ; but Lady Elizabeth was never one of them. To every lover of children she had about her that indefinable charm that bears elders irresistibly into fairyland. In the simplest and most unconscious way she was all-conquering. In addition to the charm of especially winsome childhood, she had, even then, that blend of kindness and dignity that is the peculiar characteristic of her family. She was small for her age, responsive as a harp, wistful and appealing one moment, bright-eyed and eager the next, with a flashing smile of appreciative delight, an elfin creature swift of movement—the

vision of her little figure tripping across to the sundial on the lawn in front of the grim, old, haunted Scottish castle of Glamis remains with me as a wonderful study in contrasts—quick of intelligence, alive with humour, able to join in any of the jokes and hold her own with the jokers, and touchingly and sometimes amusingly loyal to her friends. Once, when a comic corrupting of names was going on among the house-party, proceeding from the innocuous to the opprobrious until mine had descended to ‘Mr. Abominable,’ Lady Elizabeth promptly took up the cudgels in defence of her defamed cavalier (whom privately she was wont to order about under the title of ‘old boy’), and from ‘Mr. Nice’ soon arrived by a process of transmutations all her own at ‘Mr. Remarkable,’ which gave her great content.

“To remember her at Glamis is to remember her in the very happiest of settings. She and David were the two small children of a large and wholly delightful family, and it is a marvel that they were never, either of them, in the very least degree spoilt. No house-parties were ever so altogether friendly as those of the summer holidays at Glamis some twenty years ago, when the boys were at Oxford or Eton, and all, sons and daughters alike, were young, unmarried, and at home—with the exception only of Lord Glamis, who was already in the Guards. The ostensible reason for the assembly was cricket, jolly cricket on the castle ground or in the neighbourhood, not too serious cricket. Once a match at Arbroath depended entirely on the ability of Fergus, a great wag as well as a dear and gallant fellow, but no cricketer, to achieve the unusual and make a run, and amidst cheers for once he managed a fluke shot: on another occasion against Brechin, the castle side had eight runs to make to win and six wickets in hand: ‘Uncle Pat,’ Lord Strathmore’s brother, who was out,

even then refused to be confident of victory until we all declared that if we were beaten he would be justified in his pessimism for ever—and we actually lost by four runs ! Yet another year, Brechin, always our most dour opponents, won by one wicket, the last run being obtained daringly off a catch in the slips—dropped of course in the tension ! There was always incident and excitement in plenty over cricket at Glamis : once we all subscribed for a Panama hat for our captain, Lord Strathmore, in honour of his doing the ‘ hat-trick ’ against the Dundee Drapers.

“ And then when this serious-non-serious cricket was over for the day, came cricket again in the evening, very serious indeed, with Elizabeth and David in rivalry for the perpetual right to bat.

“ In between our matches were days on the moors after grouse and black-cock, and other days of picnic, nominally rest days, when Elizabeth would sally forth bestriding an aged donkey, reputed to be at Glamis for a quiet end, and the unfortunate slaves on foot, to please their imperious and delighted little mistress of the ceremonies, instead of sauntering leisurely along beside her as they had planned to do, had to run breathlessly at her stirrup and then exert all their tired muscles to prevent donkey and rider from plunging, with shrieks of joy from the latter, headlong into the stream.

“ And the evenings also were young and joyous ; some wonderful dressings-up were devised, as when Alec in charades brought the house down as the ‘ great gulf ’ fixed between Heaven and Hell. Lady May’s birthday came at the end of August, and that was hailed by her brothers as an opportunity for comic speech-making, Jock replying on her behalf with sallies that called for her amused indignation, and Fergus for the ladies, to the laughter of all—after which Elizabeth,

sitting up late in honour of the occasion, would consent very sleepily to be taken up to bed.

"Such was her environment in the midst of her brothers and sisters, all on the very happiest terms together at Glamis—a great and historic house, no stiffness, no aloofness anywhere, no formality except the beautiful old custom of having the two pipers marching round the table at the close of dinner, followed by a momentary silence as the sound of their bagpipes died away gradually in the distance of the castle. It was all so friendly and so kind, days of such whole-hearted delightful youth under the gracious guidance of Lady Strathmore, kindest and most understanding of hostesses, and the old castle re-echoed with fun and laughter. No wonder little Elizabeth came up to me once as my visit was nearing its end and demanded : ' But why don't you *beg* to stay ? '

"These days are gone, as Alec and Fergus are gone. We are all older, married and dispersed : little Elizabeth Lyon is Duchess of York and the idol of the nation, her smile the cherished possession of everyone whose eyes rest upon her for a moment as she passes on her royal road. An unspoilt bringer of happiness, she is fulfilling her widespread, public responsibilities of to-day with the same infectious and responsive charm as was peculiarly her own in the days of her childhood—and the Princess Elizabeth is there to grow from infancy into just such another as her mother was. But the remembrance is with me unchangeably of a gracious, happy family, loving and loved, and of a little fairy playmate whose companionship was a dancing magic from which all who were honoured by it can never again be free : they are enslaved for always and happy in their bonds."



## CHAPTER V

**A**S Queen Elizabeth and her brother David, between whom there was only fifteen months difference in age, were considerably younger than any other members of the family, the two "Benjamins"—as their mother called them—had their nursery entirely to themselves, and were quite inseparable.

The little boy followed his protective elder sister like a shadow, and whenever visitors were about, she would always precede him into the room, editing him with the tender apology, "David is rather shy."

Many fell under the combined spell of these two children, and some have recorded their impressions. Soon after Queen Elizabeth's marriage, Mrs. Thompson, a faithful friend of the family and in their service as housekeeper from 1886 to 1915, wrote: "They were the dearest little couple I have ever seen, and the Duchess always took the lead. She would come tripping down the stairs and it would be: 'Mrs. Thompson, have you any of those nice creams left for us?' and she would herself open the cupboard and help herself to what she liked best. I remember the Duchess inviting me to play cricket with them. She had great fun at me as I could not send the ball anywhere near the wicket. She was a very merry child and always so friendly. I can see her now coming outside the window of the housekeeper's room with her tiny pony Bobs,

and making him beg for sugar, and often she would come up by herself and pop her head up suddenly and make us all jump, at which she would have a good laugh. She had a very happy childhood, and always good health to enjoy it. I used to love to watch her movements. She and her brother were just like little fairies dancing about."

The dairy at Glamis holds vivid recollections of these two in their favourite impersonation as Red Indians. Approaching by the wood, covered with feathers they had collected and gummed to their clothes, they would suddenly burst in on the delighted dairymaids, and with blood-curling yells and threats of scalping, extort huge spoonfuls of delicious cream.

But of all the impressions that still linger in the memories of the many visitors who delighted in these two children, perhaps the most enchanting was made by their lessons with their dancing master, Mr. Neal, a great character who had played the fiddle for fifty years (that side of his beard against which he pressed his instrument was quite worn away). This dear old man always used to skip round the room after his pupils as he played, but if his limbs were frisky, his countenance was very solemn, and his seriousness imparted itself to the children, who went through their steps with a gravity only broken by their pleased smiles and rippling laughter when applause greeted them at the end.

Her daughter and her son's one grievance against Lady Strathmore was that she once made them dance a minuet at some public entertainment given at Glamis. Much as they loved dancing and fancy dress, they could not enjoy performing before so large an audience.

For this special performance Lady Strathmore made for her daughter a lovely long James I dress of rose-

pink and silver, and David Lyon wore one of the chief treasures of the dressing-up chest, the multi-coloured dress of a court jester with cap and bells.

In his account of a visit paid to the castle when he was Minister of Glamis, Mr. Stirton, afterwards Chaplain to King George V at Balmoral, describes the charm of these two children as he saw them one day dancing in their lovely fancy dresses :

“ Entering the Castle by the low main doorway which still displays the huge knocker dated 1689, and passing the ‘yett’ of massive iron from which, as Sir Walter Scott said, one might have imagined Lady Macbeth (with the form and features of Siddons) issuing forth to receive King Duncan, I mounted the great stone staircase and entered the drawing-room, which in former times was the banqueting-hall, the splendid apartment which Earl Patrick described in his diary, still preserved at the Castle, as a ‘ room which I have ever loved.’

“ Here, amid these surroundings, so full of historical associations, I was kindly greeted by the Countess of Strathmore and other members of the family assembled there. After some general conversation the Countess sat down at the piano and played a few bars of a quaint old minuet. Suddenly, as if by a magician’s touch, two little figures seemed to rise from the floor and dance, with admirable precision and grace, the stately measure so characteristic of the eighteenth century. These little children were the Hon. David Lyon and Lady Elizabeth Lyon, the youngest son and daughter of the house.

“ The former had donned part of the dress of the family jester and the latter had assumed the robe and

cap of a little girl of the period of James I and VI. Surely never was there such a setting for so bright and fascinating a scene. The lofty rooms, the historic surroundings, the dresses of a bygone period, the quaint music, so suggestive of Purcell and his formal school, all combined to form a scene which could not readily be forgotten. As the dance proceeded the glamour and illusion seemed to increase. Was it reality, or had the psychic influence of historic Glamis clouded the mind and conjured up a scene to delude the senses? No 'crystal ball' experience could have been more effective.

"For one brief, yet supreme, half-hour, the seventeenth and the twentieth centuries were one. New reveries were forming, leading to others still more historically suggestive and alluring, when suddenly the music stopped and the little dancers, making a low bow and curtsy, clapped their hands with delight, and in this way brought the minds of all back to present-day reality.

"Little choruses of praise were heard on every side, and Lady Elizabeth, on being asked by the writer the name of the character she had adopted, said with great *empressement* : 'I call myself the Princess Elizabeth.' "

Mr. Stirton has other recollections of the Queen's childhood.

"She was particularly fond of coming up to see my collection of family relics and curios, and showed a wonderful knowledge of these things for so little a child. I have a note from her, written at a very early age, in which she asks if she and her governess might come up and see my 'objays d'art,' as she calls them. She was particularly fascinated by my portrait of Prince Charles Edward, and always went up to it and gazed at it. She also wanted very much to go down into the burial



QUEEN ELIZABETH ON HER FIRST PONY "BOBS"



*Lafayette*

## THE DANCING LESSON

vault of her ancestors, but I drew the line at that. She spoke a great deal about her little brother David, and always said : ' He is such a darling.' "

This " darling bruvver " writes that he " can always remember his sister being a most unselfish person and a most enchanting companion." His only complaint was her proficiency at lessons. " She was very quick at learning and always left me far behind, to the despair of our teachers. '

He, too, has vivid memories of the charms of the building the Queen has enshrined in her memory as the " Flea House." " A great resort of ours was an old and half-ruined Brew-house at St. Paul's Waldenbury. This attic could only be reached by a very rotten ladder, the rungs of which would certainly have broken if an adult had attempted the ascent. Consequently our nurse was unable to come up and retrieve us. The attic was considered our very own parlour, though I must admit that a good many fleas intruded. In it we kept a regular store of forbidden delicacies, acquired by devious devices. This store consisted of apples, oranges, sugar, sweets, slabs of chocolate Meunier, matches and packets of Woodbines. Many other things there were besides, and to this blissful retreat we used, between the ages of five and six, to have recourse whenever it seemed an agreeable plan to escape our morning lessons."

He also vividly remembers the thrill of early dissipations. " Once a year we were taken to the Drury Lane pantomime, where we sat enthralled from start to finish, usually with insufferable headaches from the unaccustomed glare."

And later on, after school had claimed him : " During the holidays my sister and I used to go to theatres as often as we were allowed—usually in the cheaper seats,

as our purses never bulged. She had a wide taste in plays, but I think Barrie's were her favourites, though Shakespeare was by no means slighted."

As I never saw Queen Elizabeth and her brother as children, I will add yet one more impression of them, kindly written for this book by a very old friend of the family.

"The Lyon family have lived for six hundred years at Glamis, but, in spite of its great architectural beauty, I associate the childhood of Queen Elizabeth less with her Scottish than with her more modest English home. The overwhelming size of Glamis dwarfs human beings seen against its vast bulk, and the inevitable severity of a grim mediæval fortress, however picturesque it may be, seems an inappropriate setting for so dainty and fascinating a child as Her Majesty was in the glory of her early youth. Glamis is less a setting than a background, and a background over-weighted with the memories of countless centuries.

"About St. Paul's Waldenbury, her Hertfordshire home, there lingers a faint fragrance, like a whiff of potpourri of the eighteenth century. The red-brick Queen Anne house—with its pleached walks, its moss-grown statues, its fountains, its garden temples and its three converging avenues, cut through the wood in French fashion, either by Le Notre himself or by one of his pupils, each avenue leading the eye to some culminating point; here the tower of the village church there two large statues—seems at once remote from our own period and also unstained by memories of old feuds and bloodshed, and forms thus to my mind a more fitting frame for happy youth.

"The Queen comes of a large family of ten, in which the daughters were obliging enough to be born at such



intervals that each formed a pair with one of the brothers. The eldest surviving daughter and the eldest son had but a year between them. Then came three boys who consorted together, then a girl, now Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, and her brother Michael, followed by Queen Elizabeth and her brother David. The family thus drifted naturally into pairs, with the three unpaired boys forming a little clan of their own. They were an unusually good-looking family, and they all alike possessed a curious power of charm, due perhaps to their being perfectly natural and unaffected. The Queen and her brother David were the most beautiful children I have ever seen, she with the traditional Irish blend of dark hair and intensely blue eyes, David ruddy as befits his name, with blue eyes and golden curls. Truth compels me to admit that these three pairs of brothers and sisters, though devoted to each other, used at times to quarrel furiously, using hands and teeth on each other with all their youthful vigour. For some reason, ever since the Queen was born I always addressed her as 'Princess Elizabeth,' kissed her hand, and invariably made her a low bow, which she acknowledged haughtily but courteously.

"She was an extraordinarily graceful, dainty, and engaging child. Her mother had made for her a long dress of rose-coloured brocade, copied from a Velasquez picture : full pleated and gathered at the waist, stiffened with a hoop and coming right down to her feet. She wore this with a little cap of gold tissue, and it was the prettiest sight in the world to see this graceful little figure dancing in this red dress, daintily lifting her skirts to show that she was doing her steps properly, and bubbling over with mirth. I have vivid recollections of seeing this little rose-clad fairy dancing out into the

garden in her long dress and skipping daintily under the interlaced boughs of the pleached lime walks, called by the family the 'Cloisters,' a little vision of merry gracefulness. It was very like a living Watteau panel.

"For the reasons I have given I always associate her with St. Paul's Waldenbury rather than with Glamis, perhaps because the setting was far more *intime*.

"Her brother, the comely David, had as a child the uncanny Scottish gift of 'second sight.' I was frankly sceptical about this art, and suspected David of the time-honoured gift of pulling his elders' legs, until the third year of the War, when his elder brother Michael was reported by the War Office as killed. The Strathmores had already had one son killed, and were broken-hearted at this fresh disaster, and David was summoned from school to remain at home with his parents.

"He lunched with me one day, and I pointed out to him that he should not wear coloured clothes and a coloured tie so soon after his brother's death.

" 'Michael is not dead,' protested David. 'I have seen him twice. He is in a big house surrounded with fir trees. He is not dead, but I think he is very ill, because his head is tied up in a cloth.'

"I pointed out that the War Office had reported Michael as killed, and they were not likely to have made a mistake, but David would not budge. 'Michael is not dead,' he maintained, 'because I have seen him twice, and I won't wear mourning for him.'

"Three months later David proved to be perfectly right. Michael had been shot through the head, and it was some time before he recovered his just mental powers and was able to let his family know that he was in a prison hospital in Germany.

"David saw, too, what he called 'grey people' in

some of the rooms at Glamis. According to him, they suddenly appeared, moved about, and as suddenly disappeared, without, however, alarming him in the least. I was equally sceptical about these ghostly visitants, but David's accounts never varied, and he described his 'grey people's' costumes down to the last detail. Is it quite impossible that David may have seen with his inner eyes some of his fifteenth-century forbears in the former terrestrial surroundings? *Quien sabe?*

"With a divining-rod in his hand he was extraordinarily susceptible to underground water, but as he grew older and ceased to be a child this uncomfortable and uncanny power of 'second sight' suddenly left him.

"And so the Lyons grew up, but retained all their power of charm, and their curious attractive qualities.

"The three daughters were the sunshine of their father's house until the inevitable moment came when they had to transfer that sunshine to their husbands' houses.

"Lord and Lady Strathmore must, I think, feel reconciled to their own loss by the knowledge that in the case of their youngest daughter, that sunshine of manner has conquered far-off continents with its charm."

## CHAPTER VI

**W**HEN she was about nine years old Queen Elizabeth attended a day-school in London for two terms. Here she worked very hard and won the prize for English literature, one awarded for the best essay.

Lady Strathmore never favoured the growing fashion of banishing daughters to boarding-schools, and, except for her very brief day-school career, Queen Elizabeth was educated entirely at home. Her first and probably her most successful teacher was her own mother. She it was who taught the "two Benjamins" both to read and to write, and also the rudiments of music, dancing and drawing. The brother and sister's thorough knowledge of the Bible (at the age of six both of them could have written a detailed account of all its stories) they owed entirely to their mother.

After Lady Strathmore had laid the first foundations of their education, French governesses came, with whom the children were not only supposed to talk but actually always did talk French, so that by the time she was ten, Queen Elizabeth could speak it quite as fluently as English.

At last—for to children time passes so slowly—one sad autumn came the long dreaded separation—the agonising wrench of David's departure to school. I came across a tear-stained letter written just after this sad event; "David went to school for the first time on Friday. I miss him horribly."

Queen Elizabeth is now an excellent letter-writer, and I am told that her schoolroom essays were very good, but of her literary efforts as a child, unfortunately only one—a very early one—has been preserved. The other day she found in an old exercise book the beginning of an essay—or composition as they used to be called. It was entitled *The Sea*, and started: “Some governesses are nice, and some *are not*.”

That was all.

Queen Elizabeth passed the Junior Oxford examination, but after she reached the age of fourteen, schoolroom routine at Glamis was too much shattered by the irregularities of life in war-time to allow of her entering for any more examinations. Neither was it possible for her to go abroad to undergo the process quaintly called “finishing.” But she read a great deal to herself in French and German as well as in English, and when in London, always took lessons in music and in dancing, both of which she loved.

Madame D’Egville, whose dancing classes she attended, remembers her as one of her most “graceful and intelligent pupils,” and in 1917 her music mistress, Madame Matilde Verne, wrote the following recollections of her:

“My first remembrance of the Duchess of York is of a very pretty, vivacious little girl dancing into the room, throwing her arms round her mother’s neck and crying: ‘Oh! thank you, Mummie, thank you!’ and then to us all: ‘My mother is always so kind!’

“Shortly afterwards, she and her brother David both became pupils at my newly-opened Pianoforte School, and very intelligent pupils they were. Lady Elizabeth had a very good ear for music and learnt

quickly, so at the end of six months she was actually able to play at the children's concert. My sister, who gave the first lessons, writes about this :

“ ‘ The Duchess remembers this concert well (she told me so when we went to see her the day before she was married), because she “ got out ” in her piece and was ashamed. But she must have been a “ star ” performer, for she played last and it was always my custom to put the best player at the end of the programme. She also sang very prettily. She was a dear little girl. I used to lift her on and off the piano-stool oftener than was necessary just because she was so nice to take hold of.’

“ ‘ I myself remember a funny little incident in connection with this concert. Just before it all the children had extra practice with an assistant teacher. One day, in what we called the Paderewski Room, I heard some one being taught an exercise that all pupils, old and young, detest. It seemed to me that the struggle was going on too long, so I went into the Torture Chamber, and found that little Elizabeth was the victim. “ We have only just begun,” said the teacher firmly.

“ ‘ I looked at the child. Though reverent in face, there was a warning gleam in her eyes as she said to the teacher, “ Thank you very much. That was wonderful,” and promptly slid off the music-stool, holding out her tiny hand in polite farewell. She always had perfect manners. I am glad to remember that she was easily coaxed back to the piano, and that the practice lesson ended happily.

“ ‘ Later on, when I gave her lessons myself, she had grown into a most fascinating girl. The charm of her simplicity, her impulsive, warm-hearted manner,

the innocent expression in her lovely eyes, are beyond my powers of description.

“ ‘ I gave her her last lessons at Glamis six months before her engagement was announced. She was then more serious than usual, owing I think partly to the fact that Lady Strathmore had been very ill and she had helped, with the most unselfish devotion, to nurse her.’ ”

Very soon after the Queen's marriage Madame Verne went to tea with her, and her first curtsy was interrupted by her old pupil exclaiming, “ You *must* give the Duke of York some lessons. I have already begun to teach him his notes, and he knows three ! ”

## CHAPTER VII

ON the evening of her fourteenth birthday Queen Elizabeth went to a performance at one of the largest theatres in London. This was a birthday treat she will never forget, for it was August 4th, 1914, and from their theatre-box she, her mother and her brothers, watched a crowd gone mad with excitement over the declaration of War.

Up till that unforgettable day her existence had been wholly undisturbed by Fate. Her childhood, an unbroken spell of tranquillity, had all been passed in the haven of home, as it were, serenely building the boat in which some day to embark on the open seas.

Few families can have enjoyed securer, pleasanter harbourage than hers, but now once again History reasserted itself; the violent kind of history which no doubt, schoolroom girl as she was, she then thought safely confined to lesson-books.

The world-storm swept away all the breakwaters of privilege, and private barques, hitherto floating on untroubled home waters, were ruthlessly torn from their moorings and swirled out on to the tumultuous seas.

For the girl of fourteen, as for everyone else, now followed those first days of bewildering strangeness and wild excitement. Though for everyone there was an immediate end to normal life, some people were so circumstanced that for a time they remained mere spectators. To such the war at first, however thrilling,



appeared a fantastic cataclysm in which they themselves were not actually involved. History had not yet invaded their private life, and the illusion of personal immunity dies hard. But for the Bowes-Lyon family there was no such postponement. To them from its very outset the war was a convincing and urgent reality.

There were four brothers at an age at which for them there could be no hesitation, and within the first few days those four brothers, Patrick, John, Michael and Fergus had all joined the army.

The Queen tells me how vividly she remembers the thrill of those first breathless days of upheaval, the complete collapse of schoolroom routine, and "the bustle of hurried visits to chemists for outfits of every sort of medicine and to gunsmiths to buy all the things that people thought they wanted for a war and then found they didn't."

A week later she travelled up to Glamis, which was already being rapidly converted into a hospital. Strangely quiet the castle must have seemed compared with all the previous carefree cricketing Augusts. Four absent brothers leave a great emptiness and silence behind, and for the first time there was no elder sister, for Lady Rose was already training in a London hospital.

Of these days, the Queen tells me ; "Lessons were neglected, for during these first months we were so busy knitting, knitting, knitting and making shirts for the local battalion—the 5th Black Watch. My chief occupation was crumpling up tissue paper until it was so soft that it no longer crackled, to put into the lining of sleeping-bags. And the billiard-table was piled high with thick shirts and socks, mufflers, body

and sheepskin coats to be cut out and treated with varnish."

Then one day in December, she remembers going to the village shop to buy unaccustomed things in large quantities—Woodbines and Gold Flake and Navy Cut comforts for the first batch of wounded who were expected from the hospital in Dundee.

For the first time in her life Queen Elizabeth spent Christmas at Glamis—a very strange Christmas, and in the Castle Crypt a circle of wounded soldiers in blue stood round an immense tree, its base concealed by piles of gay parcels, its dark branches stretching widely to the high bare walls of grey stone, and its hundred glimmering candles reflecting in the shining breast-plates of the knights in armour.

It was not long before Queen Elizabeth's elder brothers were all four "somewhere in France." A heavy weight of dread soon lay on the Strathmores, and they were not destined to be spared the realisation of their fears.

In September, 1915, Fergus Bowes-Lyon was killed at Loos, and early in 1917 his younger brother Michael was reported wounded and missing. It was afterwards learned that he had been taken prisoner, but for a long time he was too ill to communicate with his family, and they believed him dead. The prison camp to which he had been taken was one of the worst, and his sufferings were very great, and, by giving up his turn to go to Holland in favour of a badly wounded brother officer, he indefinitely prolonged his own ordeal. This fact he did not tell his family when he returned at the end of the war. Long afterwards Lord Strathmore was told it by another prisoner.

From that first War Christmas of 1914 until 1919, the

neat white beds, set in long straight rows against the dark panelled wall of the huge dining-room, were never unoccupied.

Among the many country houses converted into hospitals, none can have given the wounded a more completely peaceful parenthesis between the horrors they had been through and those to which they would return.

Run with the very minimum of red tape, without any regulations as to bounds and hours, this hospital treated its inmates neither as prisoners nor as children, but as privileged guests. The patients were trusted to behave themselves accordingly, and the confidence placed in them was thoroughly justified. No trouble ever arose between the staff and the soldiers.

After her training in London, Lady Rose returned home to take gentle but efficient charge of the V.A.D. nursing at Glamis hospital, and every member of her family contended with one another in their unfailing efforts to make the wounded soldiers feel at home.

The success of their efforts was well described by the sergeant who said to a visitor :

“ My three weeks at Glamis have been the happiest I ever struck. I love Lady Strathmore so very much on account of her being so very like my dear mother, as was ; and as for Lady Elizabeth, why, she and my fiancay are as like as two peas ! ”

Wrapped in blankets, their uniforms ragged, torn away and cut from their wounds by the doctors, the first party of men, scarcely caring where they were going, arrived dazed and exhausted by their long journey, each bringing his own account of the particular corner of hell in which he had suffered.

Those who were not bedridden ate their meals in the

great stone Crypt, and some were at first a little awed by the ghostly soldiers of other days, the grim men in armour, burnished sentinels standing at perpetual attention against the bareness of the walls.

But in the friendly atmosphere all timidity soon melted. The guests quickly became at ease, both with the owners of the house and with its reputed ghosts, and those who were well enough to fling themselves into all the entertainment provided, came near to forgetting unforgettable things. In fine weather they explored the Castle grounds, or went for long, soothing motor drives through beautiful country, the peacefulness of which made the horrors of war recede into unreality.

Indoors they endangered the cloth on the billiard-table or, to Lady Rose's accompaniment, roared out, "We don't want to lose you," "The Sunshine of your Smile," "A little grey home in the West," and many other favourites, the half-tender, half-derisive songs of those tuneful years.

All day long in the huge ward they smoked and wrote letters, wrestled with jig-saw puzzles, played Patience and joked with their nurses. And in the evening when it was cold and dark outside, and the lights glowed in the ward, and great armfuls of logs blazed up the chimney, and the iron-studded door had creaked to and fro for the last time, and all of them were safe indoors; then small tables were drawn up close to the fire, and innumerable rubbers of whist were played.

It was at this time that little Lady Elizabeth, as the Queen was then called, used to come into the ward to play with the soldiers, and the nurses tell me how each one of them hoped she would sit at his table and share in his game, and how occasionally there were words because some aspirants thought others unfairly pushing.

And often, in the touchingly fresh voice of her fourteen years, she would sing "Strawberry Fair," "I have a song to sing O!" and other *untopical* songs.

She was, of course, far too young to be officially enrolled a member of the hospital staff, but, besides entertaining the soldiers, she was allowed to undertake all sorts of odd duties in scullery, pantry, and ward. She also often wrote letters for patients who were too badly wounded to hold a pen.

With the convalescent she used to play cricket for hours in the long summer evenings, and the intense seriousness with which she batted for her side is still remembered with amusement.

All through these years her unremitting ambition was to put the new arrivals at their ease—to disperse the inevitable preliminary shyness as quickly as possible.

Her liking for harmless practical jokes found occasional scope. One day she dressed her brother David—then aged twelve—as a lady in cloak, skirt, veil, furs and a becoming hat, and, thus disguised, took him all round the ward introducing him as one of her cousins. David asked the men all the questions that bright ladies used to ask wounded soldiers, and they thought him a very charming lady, and were not undeceived until he told them the truth the following day.

Once, to the great amusement of the representatives of the British Army, a party of Maori soldiers arrived and were shown over the hospital by their future Queen, who answered all their many questions and nearly drowned them in tea.

Towards Christmas each year the hospital became especially lively. Then there would be formal whist-drives with tremendous preparations beforehand, a bunch of flowers on each table, prizes set out for the winners,

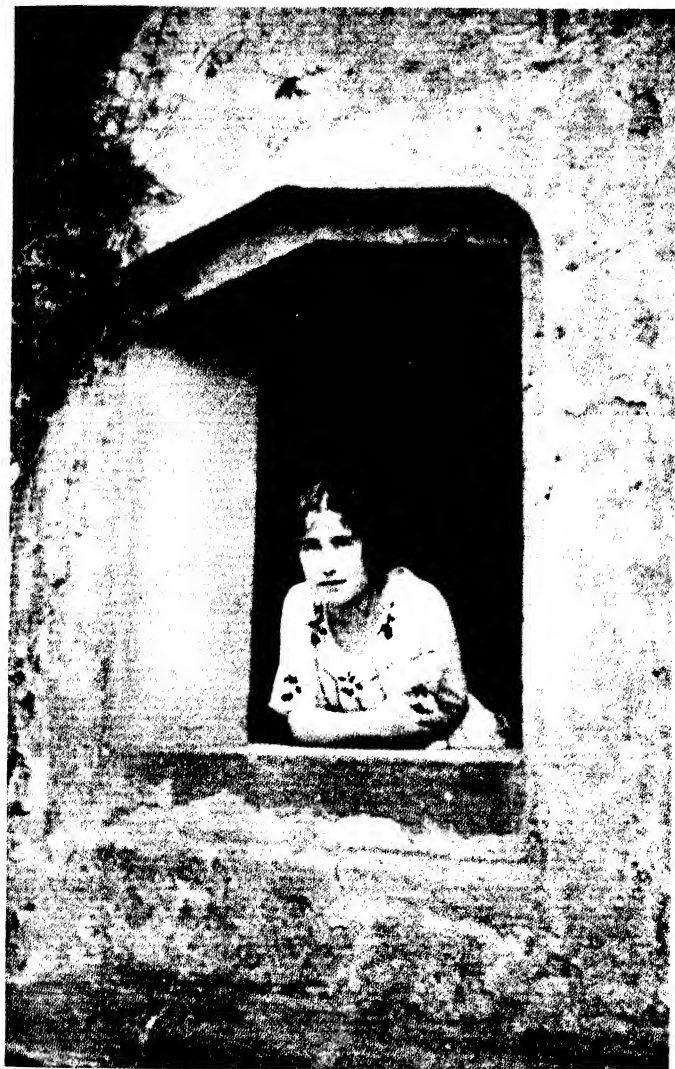
the nurses superlatively starched and the men almost aggressively washed and brushed-up with boots shining like looking-glasses. After the prizes had been presented the competitors would either dance to Lady Strathmore's, or Lady Rose's piano-playing, or else they would blacken their faces with burnt corks and, dressing up in borrowed odds and ends—skirts, feathers, rugs and beads, march to the music of numerous mouth-organs down to the village, singing through the cold, windy darkness of the avenue.

On other evenings there were expeditions into Forfar to attend the movies, or to the pantomime in Dundee with the long drive home at night across the Sidlaws, the car lamps searching along the white road across which rabbits scudded like phantoms.

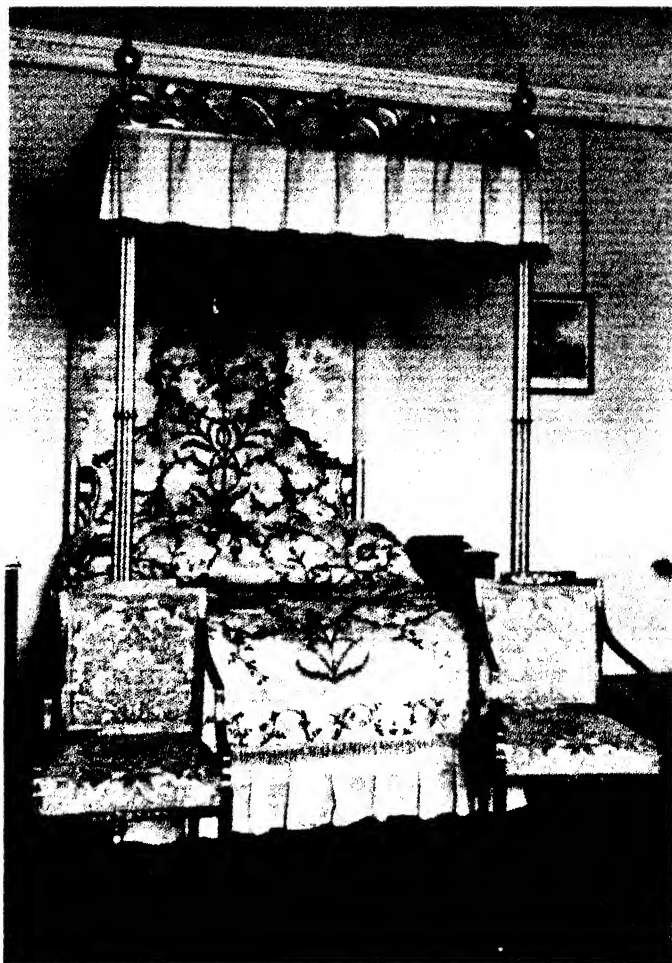
Periodically came the terribly painful breaks when convalescence was declared over and the soldiers had to leave to make way for a new batch of wounded. Then there would be a farewell supper with speeches and flashlight photographs, crackers, caps, mottoes, mouth-organs and a special present for each man—a fountain-pen perhaps, or a writing-case, some such small, tangible reminder of the haven he was leaving.

On these tense evenings there was always a ceaseless barrage of jokes, but lumps in the throat sometimes made speech difficult, and tears often filled Lady Elizabeth's blue eyes.

With agonised blots the outgoing patients wrote their names in the big leather-bound visitors' book, and, as they said "Good-bye" most of the men gave to their little friend Lady Elizabeth their special "souvenirs"; bullets, shell-cases, or small pieces of shrapnel and to each soldier the expression in her eyes said, "Soldier, I wish you well."



THE FUTURE QUEEN IN THE MEDIÆVAL HOME  
OF HER CHILDHOOD



*E. O. Hoppé*

THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE'S EMBROIDERED COVERLET  
Inside the valance at the top the Countess has worked the names of  
all her children.



And so they went back to the war to become, as it were, mere drops in one wave of a vast sea, and some of them never wrote, and some wrote until they were killed, and some still write to this day to the young girl of their affectionate memories—the Lady Elizabeth, on the envelope of whose letters they must now write Her Majesty the Queen.

And the motors that carried the departing patients back to Dundee brought back others to fill their place, strangers to be made into friends, men and boys, English, Scotch and Irish; some gassed, some convalescent, but all with the strange initiated look of men who have been under fire.

And all day long the gramophone blared out its tawdry tunes, and whist battles raged, and there were dances and concerts, and when at last all the lights were out in the ward, each new consignment of wounded told one another ghost stories.

Occasionally there were hideous rat-hunts in the Crypts with sticks and fierce war-cries and, only very rarely, a kill.

Some rather perverse brown hens, Rhode Island Reds, lodged in one of the disused towers, were the unresponsive objects of much interest. In the hope that they would appreciably lessen the war-time shortage of food by producing emergency quantities of eggs, these hens were stuffed with immense quantities of food. They seemed very appreciative of their meals, but there the matter ended.

And so, month after month, through good and bad news, Glamis hospital went on welcoming relays of soldiers. And as hope of peace was continually deferred, and food became scarce; to the horror of the one remaining gardener, large flocks of sheep, munching

as they moved, were encouraged to wander over the wide, once well-kept lawns.

To give a first-hand impression of Glamis as a war-hospital, I will here insert one of the patient's description of it, extracted from a letter written by Sergeant Pearne in 1927.

"In August, 1915, I left Dundee Royal Infirmary for the Countess of Strathmore's Hospital at Glamis Castle. My right shoulder had been badly shattered and I had gone through a severe time. The doctors and nurses had done their utmost with success, and it now depended upon quietude, fresh air, and plenty of good food to push me up the ladder of health again.

"When I stepped out of the Countess's car at lovely old Glamis I was landing at the finest spot a soldier could wish for—a home from home—I stood and gazed with awe and admiration at the lovely old pile of strength, the first real castle I had ever seen, and when I left after six months' stay I had grown to love—even to worship—dear old Glamis from the very flagstaff to the lowest step.

"In that time I spent one of the happiest periods of my life ; every comfort, every care, an abundance of excellent food and nothing to do but be happy and get fat.

"Come what may, I shan't ever forget this splendid old family, which runs back for over eight hundred years, for the very great care and many kindnesses I received from them while living at dear old Glamis Castle.

"We slept in the beautiful dining-room converted into a ward of sixteen beds, and our dining-hall was the ancient historic Crypt, full of old battle-axes, swords, suits of armour, wild animals' skins, etc. etc. The

library and the billiard-room, with its lovely old tapestries, was set aside for our use. To be blunt, there wasn't a wish went ungratified, and the whole family tried in every way possible to remove, for a time at least, the memories of War from their guests. Yes, Glamis Castle though it might be, was indeed Home from Home.

"My first meeting with the Duchess of York, then Lady Elizabeth, was shortly after my arrival. I had wandered through the Crypt, having a look round, and, passing into King Duncan's chamber, I suddenly came face to face with a huge brown bear, stuffed and standing on its hind legs with its mouth wide open. Of course I got a rare fright, and I must have shown it because, on looking across the room, I saw a smiling face at a little window. Not approving of anyone laughing at my expense, I scowled at this face and retreated as fast as I could. Later on that same afternoon, I was sitting just outside of the Castle, when out came a girl in a print dress and a sun-bonnet swinging in her hand. I did not know who she was, but I remembered the face and the brown bear! This was the little lady.

"She saw me sitting, hesitated, and then walked towards me. As she did so, I noticed the unconscious dignity of her carriage. She sat down and chatted to me for a good while, asking me questions about myself—hoped I liked the Castle, did my shoulder pain me, and so on.

"I answered her questions and talked to her as I would to any other girl, and I thought to myself: 'Well, you're a lady and a very charming one,' but it never dawned on me who she was.

"She had the loveliest pair of blue eyes I'd ever seen—very expressive, eloquent eyes that could speak

for themselves. She had a very taking habit of knitting her forehead just a little now and then when speaking, and her smile was a refreshment.

“ I noticed in particular a sort of fringe at the front of her shapely head. Her teeth were even and very white and well set, and when speaking, she struck me as being a most charming little lady and a most delightful companion.

“ That night I got another shock in learning who my Lady of the afternoon really was. It was the custom when new wounded soldiers arrived for the Countess to visit the wards so that the new arrivals should get introduced. I and five others were lined up when the Countess and my young Lady of the afternoon, accompanied by the Nurse, came into the ward. I happened to be the last one to get introduced and, of course, I was all attention to what was being said before my turn came. You could imagine my feelings of embarrassment when I heard Nurse introduce the little lady I had scowled at and spoken to so free and easy, as Lady Elizabeth ! What an ass I felt, and whatever would I say to her ? I shook hands as nicely as I could with the Countess and mumbled out something with ‘ My Lady ’ in it, and then Nurse said ‘ Corporal Pearne, this is Lady——’ but Lady Elizabeth she broke in and smilingly shook hands, saying : ‘ Oh, yes, Nurse. I know Corporal Pearne. He and I have already met. We had a chat this afternoon, didn’t we ? ’ That set me at rest again. I think she must have seen my confusion and so helped me out of it by her remarks.

“ The Countess (a most sweet, motherly lady), in a beautiful, modulated voice said she welcomed us to Glamis and hoped we would be very happy. After a few minutes’ talk to Nurse about our wounds, she

retired and I sat down to think things over to myself.

"So that's who the young lady I had scowled at on account of the bear was, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. I knew she must be a lady of high breeding, that splendid carriage and manner, that sweet, quiet voice, that hesitating yet open manner of talking don't go for nothing. I thought what a real little brick she must be not to take offence at my scowling and not knowing the right way to speak to a lady.

"And I thought how like her mother is to her! And as how she was a real Countess! There was no hint given as to the high rank she occupied, no swank at all, and yet there was the same dignity and unconscious grace of manner, just like Lady Elizabeth.

"I wondered how I'd get into the way of saying 'My Lady' and 'Your Ladyship,' and 'His Lordship.' So these were the Nobility! I wondered what the men-folk would be like. I soon found out that the whole family were all alike, the essence of politeness, a smile and a word for everyone, and not an atom of assumption, such a happy way of setting one at rest when speaking to you.

"As time rolled by and I settled down to the quiet orderly life in this lovely place, I very often had chats with my Lady Elizabeth. Sometimes I'd meet her in the lovely gardens or in the Crypt. Often I've taken a book and gone up to the top of the castle (a favourite haunt of mine) and found her and her governess having a breather in the lovely country air. She was always the same. 'How is your shoulder?' 'Do you sleep well?' 'Does it pain you?' 'Why are you not smoking your pipe?' 'Have you no tobacco?' 'You must tell me if you haven't and I'll get some for you.' I must add

that the Countess supplied us all with tobacco and cigarettes, and we often had cigars sent in to us.

"Lady Elizabeth would ask me had I heard from my parents and how were they, did I keep them well informed of the progress of my wound, and so on. She listened very interested when I told her of my work and everyday life and of my family.

"For her fifteen years she was very womanly, kind-hearted and sympathetic. She adored her parents and her home, and was devoted to her brothers and sisters. In return she was loved and adored by all. The servants and all attached to the castle simply worshipped her. I can see her now. I'd say her sun-bonnet was more often swinging round and round by its strings than on the place for which it was made. She was very fond of cycling about the grounds, often with both her eyes tight shut. I've seen her roll off, spring up, grab her sun-bonnet and jump on again, laughing and enjoying my fright immensely.

"She loved flowers and dogs, but was terrified of a mouse, and she thought it very cruel to shoot birds.

"Often after dinner she and her governess would come into the ward and have a game of partner whist. I very often played as her partner, and when she was in doubt what to play she would tap her forehead with a card and very often quite unwittingly expose its face, which to me was very amusing. Of course, at this time, she was just learning to play whist. When she was perplexed she would look at me and say: '*Do tell me what to play, Ernest.*' Many a happy game we had together. Her governess would jokingly say that we always won, but not fairly.

"Lady Elizabeth was very fond of good music, and sang sweetly. She had a good knowledge of the different

composers of music and of writers of books too. She was quick to see a joke, and didn't she laugh when I and another lad, who had one arm in a sling too, tried to carry a large tray of dishes and plates, and the whole lot of crockery got smashed to pieces on the floor.

" Taking photographs was a favourite hobby of hers, and it was the result of one of her productions that caused a little misunderstanding at my home. When my parents visited me at Dundee while I was so ill, they were warned not to be surprised should they hear that my arm had been amputated. I didn't know this. Lady Elizabeth gave me a photograph she'd taken of me and I sent it home, not thinking that what with my right arm being in a sling, and I was sitting sideways, it didn't show at all.

" When my parents got it, they were sure my right arm was missing and I was keeping it from them. This upset them so much that I got a letter from a chum at home asking me to write and tell my parents that my arm had been amputated, for it was kinder to let them know the worst.

" I couldn't fathom the thing at all and I showed the letter to Lady Elizabeth, and she was very sorry to think my parents were worried unnecessarily, and said something must be done at once to put their minds at rest. So she wrote off straight to them saying exactly how my arm was progressing and how sorry she was to think they'd been in such a taking.

" Then she sent for me to come to the garden at once to have a front view of myself photographed so my arm and the sling could be seen. This was done and a copy sent home to Mother to set her fears at rest, and she has it still and wouldn't part with it for a fortune. This

incident just proves what a great interest and depth of sympathy she and her family had in their wounded guests.

“ And even in deep sorrow they still had us in mind. In September 1915 one of Lady Elizabeth’s brothers, Captain Fergus, of the Black Watch, came on leave from France for a few hours which was all that was granted at that time. On the Monday night before the battle of Loos, he left the castle to return to his battalion. He was a fine gentleman, and a soldier. Nothing more was heard of him and the big Battle of Loos commenced on the Thursday. Next day, Friday, news came that Captain Fergus had been killed in the taking and holding of the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

“ This bombshell threw the castle into deep sorrow and gloom, and us boys felt very keenly for our sweet hostess, His Lordship and family. We agreed among ourselves not to go up to the billiard-room, not to play any games on the lawns, to keep piano and gramophone subdued, and above all, not to leave or enter the castle by the main entrance, but by a side door.

“ We wrote out a letter of sympathy and sent it to Her Ladyship. The next day a reply came back from Her Ladyship thanking us very much for our sympathy, and she and her husband hoped we would carry on in exactly the usual way and use the main entrance as before, as we were their guests.

“ Those were sad days. To end with something funny. One red-hot day I climbed to the top of the castle tower. Lady Elizabeth was there and we got talking about plays, and so on. The Union Jack was lying at the foot of the flagstaff. I said it would look better at the top, so we decided to haul it up. We did so, and just as it reached the top the wind entangled it



over the top of the staff, and try as we might it wouldn't right itself.

"I said that it had got to be put right and that I would climb up. She said: 'Oh, no! Ernest, you must not attempt such a thing. Even with two good arms, it wouldn't be safe. With one in a sling, it would be madness. You're not to do it.'

"I excused myself and said I was going to try.

"At that she stamped her little foot, and called me 'stubborn,' 'pig-headed,' 'foolhardy,' anything to stop me. Then she ran away to get some one else to prevent me. It was a difficult job, but I managed to scramble up and slide down slowly dragging the flag with me. When I descended to the Crypt I met Lady Elizabeth coming back, and told her it was done. She stared at me amazed. 'Well, Ernest,' she said, 'I didn't think you could have done it! You *are* stubborn!' Yes, it was a sad day when it came to saying good-bye to her and all at dear Glamis."

## CHAPTER VIII

**I**T is difficult to believe that Queen Elizabeth's lessons can ever have been very serious or regular during these War years. The full hospital was far too strong a counter-attraction. Though her school-room was high up the grey stone staircase, its windows looked out across the courtyard from which a great bell cheerfully clanged for the soldiers' meals and for chapel.

And, with so many relations and friends at the front, it was scarcely possible not to wait on the door-step for the postman. He could be seen coming from a very long way off, striding down the long straight avenue, and the soldiers remember how Queen Elizabeth used to stand about looking out for him every morning, either on the grey stone steps or by the cannon, a small eager figure against the sombre iron-studded door, and, watching her every movement, Peter, her black satin Cocker, waited with her.

And when the B.E.F. envelopes had been torn open and letters read, there would be parcels of food and clothing to pack and send off to the front. And often, as soon as lessons had started, a roaring hum would be heard in the distance and governess and pupil would race to the top of the tower, where the wind blew in a gale, tugging at the flag, and from there they would stare up at the high aeroplane that seemed so small a

thing to make so tremendous a noise.. It could be seen for a long time until it was lost in the mist of the Grampians, and as they watched they felt so stirred by the audacity of Man, and the thought of the crisis through which he was now passing, that it became difficult to turn their minds away from their contemporaries back to the early Britons or Attila's Huns.

And up the winding staircase all day long, confusing thoughts which were not very concentrated, quavered the music of the gramophone, softened by distance, but still strident : " Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you," " Tipperary," or the irresistible voice of George Robey, oddly choked and muffled.

And often the light, scuffling steps of a child of five years old were heard, and, with a whisk of his kilt, in darted the Master of Glamis, escaped from his nurse and commanding " Aunt Elizabuff " to be " funny."

At other times there were other steps, also hurrying, but heavy, creaking ones : soldiers dashing past the schoolroom door up to the flat roof with soup-plates full of salt to pour down the chimney. Such Gargantuan armfuls of logs were always being flung on the flaming grate that the chimney constantly caught fire.

This hospital remained open until some time after the end of the War, and all through 1917 and 1918 numbers of Australian and New Zealand officers, back on leave from the front, were also entertained at Glamis Castle.

In consequence of all this hospitality, Queen Elizabeth's correspondence is still swollen, and when, as Duchess of York, she landed at Wellington in New Zealand, in the forefront of the great crowd gathered to welcome her, she was delighted to recognise one of

the officers who had spent some weeks as a guest at Glamis.

The routine of hospital life in the castle was once melodramatically interrupted by the outbreak of a really serious fire. Many children cherish the ambition to play a distinguished part rescuing people from flames.

I remember how I used hopefully to scan the landscape for distant smoke, and in my dreams, to the deafening cheers of a crowd, swarm down a rope made out of sheets knotted together, carrying a rescued child under each arm and the baby in my teeth.

Though Queen Elizabeth was not destined to enjoy the supreme glamour of saving life, more fortunate than most children, she was at least privileged to play a prominent part in preserving from destruction the home she so greatly loved.

It was towards the end of 1916 that this outbreak of fire occurred. Its cause was never discovered, but it started in one of the upper rooms of the central keep. Queen Elizabeth was the first to notice the smoke and sparks, and, without wasting a moment in which to tell anyone else, she telephoned for the fire brigade. The keep is over ninety feet high, and at that height the wind was blowing strongly. The mischief spread rapidly, and before even the local fire brigade arrived the roof had caught fire in several places, and, besides the showers of sparks, long ribands of flame were already curling out of the thick clouds of ascending smoke.

The treacherous River Dean, taking its toll of human life, so legend says, in every seventh year, flows past the castle only a few hundred yards away.

It was a great relief to remember how close it was, but an immense length of hose was required to pump

its waters up to the roof, and unfortunately the Glamis firemen had none sufficiently long. So at first very little could be done, and with increasing anxiety the family watched their threatened home. Louder and louder grew the ominous crackling, and the wind fanned the flames. The wounded soldiers were all away at a cinema, but very soon after the alarm a great, intent crowd had gathered on the lawns. Before long the engines from Forfar came galloping up, but they were not able to do much more than the local brigade.

Fortunately, Queen Elizabeth had also telephoned at once to the Dundee fire brigade and for this, their sole hope, the agonised family now waited in almost unbearable suspense.

Meanwhile from one part of the roof, the defiant flames were now blazing, at times hiding the pinnacles of the lovely little towers, and in the fading light the pinkish grey stones of the Castle took on a lurid red glow reflected in the faces of the crowd. Before long a great lead tank under the roof, used for storing water, burst with the heat, and a deluge rushed flooding down the grey stone spiral staircase, threatening to do as serious damage as the flames. This fresh disaster gave the remarkably cool-headed young girl her opportunity, and the way she availed herself of it is remembered by all at Glamis. Armed with brooms, she and her brother and several others under their direction stood on the stairs, diverting the torrent from surging in at the drawing-room door, and sweeping it forward and downward to the lower, wider regions of the staircase where it could escape innocuously into the stone halls and passages below.

She then arranged about thirty people in a long queue, and pictures, furniture and other valuables were thus

passed from hand to hand down the stairs and carried out of danger.

"It was her little Ladyship told us how to do it and kept us to it," said a tenant when he was thanked for his services.

After what seemed an eternity the longed-for engines arrived from Dundee. Wild cheers greeted them. At first their efforts seemed unavailing, and there was an agonising wait, but at last it became clear that the torrents drawn from the river were defeating the fire, and before night fell the flames had been reduced to smouldering smoke.

The extent of the damage was very great. To repair it an immense amount of work was needed, and it is only within the last few years that it has been finished.

On the night of this memorable fire "Lady Elizabeth" was toasted with "Highland Honours" in every house and cottage for miles around.

To find the exception that proves the rule is a fascinating search. Much has been said about our new Queen's unfailing courtesy, and we are not wholly sorry to hear that in this emergency she did, for once, fail to be exquisitely polite. She was too busy. A gaping spectator, making no attempt to be useful, not knowing who she was, kept bothering her with questions. "How had the fire started?" "Whose fault was it?" "Which member of the family slept in which room?" etc. etc.

"I've no time to make conversation!" Lady Elizabeth exclaimed. Unwonted asperity was in her voice and the loungee withdrew discomfited. "Who's yon prood lassie?" he ruefully enquired.

## CHAPTER IX

**E**VEN when at last peace did come, it brought no immediate outward change to the Strathmores' lives. For some months they continued to entertain Australian and New Zealand officers who, for various reasons, were unable to return to their far-distant homes. The hospital, too, remained full until late in 1919, and long after the last of the wounded had said good-bye, Queen Elizabeth went on helping the soldiers by finding them work and assisting their families through the difficult days of demobilisation. Nor was their personal anxiety ended by the Armistice. For many months there was the suspense of waiting for the repatriation of Captain Michael Bowes-Lyon who, as has already been said, had for two years been a prisoner in Germany. His health had greatly suffered, and now, when delay seemed so unnecessary, it was very hard to have the longed-for meeting indefinitely postponed.

All the time, by twos and threes, prisoners were returning home ; but for the Strathmores the disappointing weeks dragged on without any certain news. At last, one evening in February, 1919, notice suddenly came, and there was only just time to dash to the station to welcome the returning soldier.

For his family, in a sense, it was the arrival of that long-awaited train, rather than the Armistice, that ended the War.

For them, as for nearly every family, there were gaps no peace could fill—wounds not to be healed by time ; but if life could never be the same again, at least the ordeal of suspense was over.

Though recovery was impossible, for the courageous convalescence now became a duty. You could no longer insulate yourself in an island of time called "the duration of the War." The emptied future had now to be faced. It was necessary to make the best of what was left, to try to reinvest interest and hope—above all to assist surviving youth to its birthright of happiness.

Queen Elizabeth was then eighteen years old. In spite of her inherent gaiety, it is not surprising that she was in many ways serious and thoughtful for her age. It must be remembered that she had never known the irresponsibility of that sheltered routine which is the lot of most schoolgirls of to-day, for she had never been away from home, but had always lived in the most intimate association with her parents and their large and exceptionally united family, participating in all the excitements, pleasures and griefs of the grown-up life around her.

After her sister Lady Rose's marriage in 1916, she became, as the only unmarried daughter, her mother's right hand, sharing all the duties as well as all the anxieties of those very difficult years.

In normal times Queen Elizabeth would no doubt have passed the years between fourteen and seventeen in equipping herself for the future, preparing for life rather than actually living it. Reality would scarcely have claimed her. But as her girlhood coincided with the years of the Great War, no such postponement of experience was possible.





*Bedford Lemere*

A DRAWING BY SARGENT



On so responsive a nature as Queen Elizabeth's the inevitable effect of the War, with its intimate personal sorrow and sense of universal suffering, was to deepen her natural well-spring of sympathy and to intensify her sense of obligation towards others. Passing from childhood to girlhood in an era when sacrifice was an everyday virtue, and work of some sort a matter of course, her own enjoyment never seemed—as well it may to the careless young—the most important concern in life.

Her natural sense of responsibility—a cheerful, not a self-righteous one—was fostered both by her upbringing and by the War. A sense of responsibility is undeniably a burden, and the fact that she never tried to shift any weight from her young shoulders explains why, at the age of eighteen, for all its gaiety, the observant saw on her face a look of experience beyond her years.

“Coming out” is a quaint expression. It suggests something deliberately abrupt, a sudden metamorphosis, as though, at a word of command, a chrysalis were expected to try its wings.

For girls of the War generation there was no official “coming out.” They did not step with one long stride from schoolroom to ballroom. There was no ceremonious presentation, no one momentous occasion.

It would indeed be difficult to say in which month Queen Elizabeth was first accounted grown-up. Life was then too informal. Even fashion contributed to the fusion between the different ages. The era of short skirts had begun, and girls of the day were denied a thrill their mothers and elder sisters knew—the thrill of hearing, as it followed you downstairs, the swish and rustle of your first long dress, the outward and audible symbol of new dignities and potentialities.

Towards the end of the War, Queen Elizabeth was gradually seen more in London, chaperoned either by her mother or by her sister, Lady Elphinstone. The fringe of her childhood still remained, but the long thick plait had now become a close brown knot.

Gradually there were more friends, more frocks, more engagements, a fuller to-day and to-morrow.

The close circle of things intimately known expanded, the horizon widened. The present became entrancing ; the future an iridescent shimmer.

Though from now onwards Lady Elizabeth became a frequent visitor at many country houses, the two places she adored—Glamis and St. Paul's Waldenbury, still claimed most of her time. However much she may have appreciated new scenes, no counter-attraction ever diminished her love for the beautiful homes of her childhood. So strong was the hold of both these places that I doubt whether she was ever able quite to make up her mind which of the two she preferred. One glorious summer day at St. Paul's Waldenbury she was asked what her plans for the summer were. Feasting her eyes on the glory of flowers and the green and gold of the "Enchanted Wood" beyond, she answered : " I really do not know. It's very difficult to decide. You see it is so perfect here," adding, almost with a sigh, " But then dear Glamis is so perfect too."

With whatever degree of zest Lady Elizabeth may have flung herself into the gaieties of London, she never for one second came to regard whatever time was spent at home as merely an interval for rest and recuperation. After a strenuous season, many girls return to family life rather like ships withdrawing into dock for repairs. Tired and jaded, they feel the need of a breathing-space during which to retrim their beams

before returning to social activities. But to the much sought-after Lady Elizabeth of these years, so far from ever seeming a back-water, home was always the place in which life was most fully lived. It was not in her generous nature to hoard vitality for special occasions. Ungrudging of both her time and her energy, she was always ready to spend herself without stint ; never too tired or too busy to respond to any local claim.

The gay spirit with which she ran the Forfarshire Girl Guides was long wistfully remembered. After her marriage she still took a great interest in them, but the encouragement of her constant fellowship was much missed. " The Duchess used to make it all such fun ! " was the universal lament.

## CHAPTER X

EARLY in the year 1919 Lady Elizabeth came to London where a surface cheerfulness was now blossoming into pageantry. She saw the first post-War Lord Mayor's Show, President Wilson's triumphant drive and Marshal Foch's great ovation, and, on July 19th, deeply moved, she watched the great Victory Procession pass through the streets; Marshal Foch and General Pershing riding at the head of the French and American contingents, followed first by our Navy and then by our Army with Lord Haig at its head.

During the summer she acted as bridesmaid to her great friend Lady Lavinia Spencer, who was married in the village church at Althorp to Lord Annaly.

All through the first May, June and July of a world restored to peace, she was in London, eagerly enjoying the excitement of making new friends at dinners and dances, and, for the first time in her life, going to nearly as many theatres as she liked.

As thoroughly appreciated in the ballroom as she had been at children's parties, she very soon acquired the reputation of being the best dancer in London.

But however deeply engaged in gaieties, she never failed to pay frequent visits to her brother at Eton, always bringing with her an "Angel Cake," his favourite addition to tea.

Amongst other enjoyable days, one of brilliant sun-

shine at Ascot is still vivid in her memory, and there are many who remember seeing her there that day in a pretty white lace frock and a hat with a distinct tendency to become a poke bonnet.

Most of her Sundays were spent in the green peacefulness of St. Paul's Waldenbury ; and, though London had been such fun, when August came it was delightful to get into the night train and be rushed up to beloved Glamis, where there were hard tennis courts, heathered hills, a Scotch garden at its best, and old and new friends coming to stay.

Early in the following year the family house in St. James's Square was regretfully given up. It was difficult to find a suitable substitute. Not until October did her parents finally decide to buy number 17 Bruton Street, and then there were many alterations to be made to the house, and for months it was in the hands of workmen.

Meanwhile there was a great deal of entertaining at Glamis, and a large party was given for the Forfar Ball. For a few weeks the Queen's sister, now Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, came home from Malta, where her husband was stationed, and all the old gaieties were revived—singing, dancing and dressing up. Many visitors of that summer cherish a specially vivid recollection of how lovely the Queen Elizabeth looked one night in a rose brocade Vandyck dress and pearls in her dark hair.

It was at the end of this August (1920) that our present King, then Duke of York, paid his first visit to Glamis where a large party came to meet him. The young Prince was shown all over the great castle by his future wife. This important occasion was the first time he had seen her since she had made so unfading an

impression on his eleven-years-old heart at Lady Leicester's children's party.

For Christmas this year there was a large family gathering at St. Paul's Waldenbury ; no idle time for so dutiful an aunt as Queen Elizabeth, for the house swarmed with appreciative nephews and nieces, all of whom clamoured for her company.

In the spring of 1921, Lady Elizabeth made one of the silver and white bridesmaids at Princess Mary's wedding. This was her first public appearance in the Abbey where, before long, she was to be the central figure at another Royal wedding, and where she is soon to be crowned Queen of England.

It is not surprising that during this period of her life Queen Elizabeth should have made a large number of devoted friends ; friends whom she has kept. Besides her charm and her capacity for fun, she always had the blessed gift of making her companions feel at their best—a gift which seldom goes unappreciated.

Another special qualification for friendship is hers. Many women are amusing. Some are discreet. Very few are both. It is the rare alliance of these two qualities that Queen Elizabeth's friends have always found so invaluable. In a letter one of her closest friends gives an impression of the Queen and her life at Glamis during her girlhood. As it was written some years ago, the Queen is throughout the letter referred to as the Duchess.

“After the Duchess grew up there were many memorable parties at Glamis. The guests proposed themselves and, however unexpected, were always welcomed by the family whose everyday life supplied ample entertainment for all who came.



“ In the evening, whenever possible, Lady Strathmore was persuaded to play the piano, and the beautiful fifteenth-century drawing-room would be dimly lit, except for the pool of light made by the candles on the instrument, which illuminated the serene countenance of Lady Strathmore and the eager faces of those around her. On these occasions we would all sing, and topical songs which could be adapted to some person present were very popular. The Duchess of York’s adaptations to suit the characters of her friends were excellent.

“ With their great affection and their tolerant good-humour, they, the Bowes-Lyons, were a most delightful family to stay with : never unduly critical of the stranger within their gates, and wonderfully unruffled by circumstances, accepting and adapting any untoward incident as a further contribution to their own humorous edition of life. The power the Duchess has of calm self-control and unruffled serenity in facing the trivial harassing disturbances of existence helps her in times of real stress.

“ I met her for the first time very soon after she first came out. I had already heard much about her charm, and greatly looked forward to meeting her. She arrived in the afternoon at the country-house where I was staying, and I found her standing alone in front of the great Tudor fireplace—the rest of the house-party were out.

“ She looked very pretty, and wore a hat with the faintest suggestion of a poke-bonnet about it, and a ribbon under her chin. She always said the ribbon was to prevent her hat blowing off motoring, but I thought the head-dress was sufficiently becoming to be kept in constant use without the excuse of utility. At this, my first meeting, I felt at once the intense desire to please

her, which I believe is universal among those in her company.

“ She always has been, and is, a remarkably good friend ; as incapable of an ungracious word as she is of an ungraceful movement, and though she can express opinions very trenchantly and has a great love of argument, her manner is always gentle and disarming. Her presence is heartening to a degree. Those she is with feel themselves all they would wish to be. If the desire of their heart is to be witty, they become scintillating. Whatever way they wish to succeed, when with her, they feel successful. In large companies of the shy and silent, she will launch one of those inexhaustible topics on which everyone wishes to talk ; when discussions become heated, she can—with an art usually only practised to perfection by devoted Nannies—abruptly interject a remark of so arresting a character on some subject entirely remote from the one under discussion as to distract immediately and permanently the attention of all from the controversy. She has a very pretty and infectious laugh. Once before a big luncheon-party, a pompous and difficult one, she said : ‘ Can you laugh ? ’ ‘ Yes,’ answered her astonished friend. ‘ Will you laugh with me at luncheon, whenever I raise my left eyebrow ? Let us practise now.’ At given moments throughout that at first solemn meal her musical voice rose in seemingly natural mirth accompanied by a raucous peal of forced merriment, and all solemnity was soon at an end.

“ The first time I ever went to stay at St. Paul’s Waldenbury, the Duchess and I motored from London together. The car, a stately Daimler limousine, could not have the hood lowered to let in the brilliant sunshine. The Duchess determined to make the most of the situa-

tion. Sitting bolt upright, she unfurled her umbrella, raised it between us and the roof of the car, and from beneath this canopy we both bowed and smiled to the astonished and, we hoped, delighted citizens of the Edgware Road !

“ The charming smile and gracious bow that she has since made so famous were as full of charm and grace during our pantomime performance that day as they are now, and I remembered it with amusement when I stood among the thousands who went to cheer her on her return from Australia, and watched her smiling and bowing from under an umbrella, made necessary on that day by the inclemency of the weather.”

Another friend writes of life at St. Paul's Waldenbury : “ I first met the Duchess at a children's party, where we sat next to each other at tea and compared, with the solemnity of two small girls on their best behaviour, the sizes of our respective families. Seeing that she herself was the youngest but one of ten children, I had suspected since that she chose this subject of conversation as giving her an almost certain advantage over a stranger.

“ It was some years before we met again, and I was invited to stay in her Hertfordshire home.

“ Life at St. Paul's Waldenbury centred round the lady of the house, upon whom its whole management seemed to depend. There were her grandchildren to be amused, and the Duchess was always the devoted playmate of her nephews and nieces. There was a beautiful garden ready to be enjoyed, and plenty of work always waiting to be done in it. There were dogs to be looked after and chickens to be fed. There was a tennis court out of doors and a much-used piano within. There was no extravagance or luxury ; no attempt to be modern or up-to-date. There was little apparent organ-

isation, save such as secured that the humblest local engagement should be scrupulously fulfilled.

“ This might be written of hundreds of other families following the self-contained round of an English country house. Yet if there be a genius for family life, it was surely found in that household. All the members of the family, whose numerical superiority had overawed me at our first meeting, were bound together by a contented and unspoiled affection that embraced also every friend who enjoyed the hospitality of the house.”

It was in April, 1921, that Queen Elizabeth paid her first visit to Paris, when she went to stay at the British Embassy with her great friend Diamond Hardinge. Paris was looking its best in brilliant spring sunshine, and she revelled in all the delights of sight-seeing and shopping and in expeditions to Fontainebleau, Versailles and Malmaison. During her visit to Paris a big ball was given at the Embassy, and I have come across a letter written at the time which gives a description of the future Queen as she appeared that night.

“ At last night's ball the rooms were perfect, and there were lots of pretty people in lovely gowns. The most charming sight there was Lady Elizabeth Lyon, a bewitching little figure in rose colour, which set off her lovely eyes and dark eyebrows to perfection. She seemed to me the incarnation of fresh, happy, English girlhood : so bright, so natural, with an absolutely enchanting smile and a look of indescribable goodness and sweetness, shot with a delicious gleam of humour and fun. Looking at her, I felt that she was just what should result from her sort of home atmosphere of family affection and fun, laughter and music, and yet with a sense of the deep eternal realities of life as foundations to it all. That would

account for the thoughtful look on the brow, the quiet inner radiance that her little face wears in repose, though superficially it would appear all sparkle and girlish fun. Certainly last night she stood out as an English rose, sweet and fresh as if with the dew still on it."

The summer of 1921 was a very difficult time for our future Queen. It was hoped that the warm months at Glamis would be good for Lady Strathmore, who had been very ill in the spring, but while up in Scotland she grew worse, and for the time being became a complete invalid. Meanwhile Glamis was almost continuously full of guests, and the whole responsibility of their entertainment devolved on the daughter of the house. It was then that the Duke of York paid his second visit, on this occasion accompanied by Queen Mary. Apparently undismayed, the young Lady Elizabeth proved herself a perfect hostess.

In the autumn, to the great anxiety of her family, Lady Strathmore had to undergo a serious operation and the strain was very prolonged, for it was not until after a second operation performed in May that she began really to recover.

During the whole of that winter and spring Queen Elizabeth was tethered by various duties to Glamis, and all spoke in the highest praise of the cool efficiency and gentle firmness with which she managed everything in that vast establishment, simultaneously winning her spurs both as hostess and as housekeeper.

The success with which she then dealt with various domestic crises proved the iron determination which, to some extent, is camouflaged by her smile. Whatever she may undertake is always carried off with a gaiety

and cordiality which cloaks the real strength of her personality. But though she may fight with masked batteries, her purpose is nearly always fulfilled.

In June, 1922, Queen Elizabeth paid her second visit to Paris—a very sad contrast to the first. Diamond Hardinge, whose early death was soon to be so deeply mourned by many friends, was very ill. Cancelling all her engagements, Queen Elizabeth went out to her friend, and through a very difficult time her presence was a great support to the sufferer and her family.

## CHAPTER XI

**N**OW we come to the beginning of a new phase in the Queen's life and soon we shall take our last look at her as Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

Towards the end of 1922, she had become the subject of intense and widespread interest. It was common knowledge that the Duke of York had fallen in love with the enchanting girl with whom he was so often seen dancing, and it was said that he intended to ask her to be his wife. Conjecture was busy. Would Lady Elizabeth feel that the acceptance of her Royal suitor would involve too complete a sacrifice of the independence and privacy which is the birthright of every subject? Would she be afraid to undertake a life of Royal duties? Would she hesitate? Would she decline? Would she accept? Curiosity hummed.

Whatever qualms Queen Elizabeth may have felt, whatever misgivings as to her qualifications for so great a responsibility; when the time for decision came, these qualms and misgivings ceased to be determining factors. She found the question was no longer one of judgment, but of impulse. Feelings took command and acceptance became inevitable. "I daresay she *was* very much afraid of the position, but she just found she could not do without him," was the satisfactory explanation of the engagement given me by one of her most intimate girl friends.

On Saturday, January 13th, 1923, the Prince came to stay at St. Paul's Waldenbury. The next morning he and Lady Elizabeth decided not to accompany the other members of the party to church.

They preferred to walk in the beloved wood of her childhood ; "*the wood, the haunt of Fairies,*" with its "*moss-grown statues*" and "*the Big Oak,*" sacred to the memory of "*Caroline-Curly-Love*" and "*Rhoda-Wrigley-Worm.*"

Before they left this glamorous wood, "*where the sun always seemed to be shining,*" the Prince had declared his suit, and the "*youngest daughter*" in England's latest fairy-story had joyfully consented to begin to live happily ever afterwards.

On Monday morning the Prince returned to London. Later in the same day he went to Sandringham to tell his parents of the engagement, to which he had, of course, already obtained their provisional consent, and on the evening of January 16th the following announcement appeared in the Court Circular :

" It is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the betrothal of their beloved son, the Duke of York, to the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, to which the King has gladly given his consent."

The formal declaration of the King's consent to the wedding was made on February 12th, when the following document was signed by him at a special meeting of the Privy Council, a procedure necessitated by the Royal Marriage Act of 1772 :

" Whereas by an Act of Parliament entitled '*An Act for the better regulating the future Marriages of the Royal Family,*' it is amongst other things enacted '*that no descendant of the body of His late Majesty King*



George II, Male or Female, shall be capable of contracting matrimony without the previous consent of His Majesty, His Heirs or Successors, signified under the Great Seal.'

"Now know ye that we have consented and by these Presents signify Our Consent to the contracting of Matrimony between His Royal Highness Albert Frederick Arthur George, Duke of York, and the Lady Elizabeth Angela Margaret Bowes-Lyon, youngest daughter of the Rt. Honourable Claude George Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne."

It was over two and a half centuries since a Prince in direct succession to the British throne had received the King's consent to his marriage with a subject. Curiously enough, the last to receive that permission was also a Duke of York—the brother of Charles II, afterwards James II. He, too, married an Earl's daughter, Anne Hyde, daughter of the historian Clarendon.

Though Henry VIII—an exception to all matrimonial rules—was the only King of England since Edward IV who married a subject after he had come to the throne, during the early centuries of English history it was by no means an unusual thing for the sons and daughters of the reigning King to marry subjects. In those unsettled days, when the power of the great nobles was not yet broken, it was well worth while for the Royal Family to seek wealth and power by alliances with some of the great noble houses, and the Royal coffers were often replenished through the Nevilles, Mortimers, Tudors, and other rich families.

But with the coming of the Hanoverians the custom of intermarriage between the Royal Family and the nobility was superseded. Amongst the many regulations

brought over with George I was the rule that a Royal Prince must marry a woman of Royal rank. If he chose to marry a subject the marriage did not exist officially, and his wife and children had no position.

The first sovereign to depart from this custom was Queen Victoria, who consented to the marriage of her daughter Princess Louise to the then Marquess of Lorne, and later to that of her grand-daughter, now the Princess Royal, to the Earl of Fife, whom she made a Duke at the breakfast table.

The antiquated rule that members of the Royal House must marry only Royalties was finally abolished when King George V reverted to the ancient name of Windsor, and, sweeping away all the Germanic accretions that had grown to English law, decided that Royal blood was no longer a necessity in the marriages of his younger children, and announced that they could choose their wives and husbands from the families of the first three ranks of the nobility—dukes, marquises, and earls, and thus our present King was fortunate enough to be able to marry to please himself instead of for diplomatic reasons.

To every girl the first days of her engagement are exciting days. To Lady Elizabeth they must have been more than bewildering. In a letter she wrote : " I feel very happy, but quite dazed. We hoped we were going to have a few days' peace first, but the cat is now completely out of the bag and there is no possibility of stuffing him back."

The cat was indeed out of the bag. When Lady Elizabeth motored up to London, it was to see her name blazing from every poster and to find her home in Bruton Street raided by the Press, who continued to lay siege to it for the rest of the week.



*Sport & General*

THE WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY  
April 26th, 1923.



AS GROUP CAPTAIN OF THE R.A.F.

*Vandyk*

She was at once snowed under by telegrams and letters, and from that day her post has never again resumed normal dimensions.

Nearly every girl feels shy the first time she visits her future husband's family. She suffers from an uncomfortable sense of being on approval.

To have simultaneously to pay the homage due both to a monarch and a father-in-law can scarcely have lessened the ordeal, and it must have been with considerable trepidation that Lady Elizabeth went to stay at Sandringham on the Sunday after her engagement ; but the glowing welcome given her by the King and the Queen soon set her at her ease, and ever since then the delighted affection bestowed on her by every member of the Royal Family has wonderfully smoothed for her a path which might well have proved very difficult to tread.

That gentle happiness which surrounds her like an aura and diffuses itself around her, a happiness due to some inner radiance, made her the most delightful acquisition to any family, and the King and Queen rejoiced that their son was to have the invaluable help of a wife in whom beauty and charm were allied to steadfastness and ability.

## CHAPTER XII

**I**T was clear that in marrying the Duke of York, the young Scottish girl would find full scope for the many excellent qualities with which she was credited ; for, unassuming Prince though he was, he had since earliest youth been renowned for the unsparing way in which, without thought of self, he carried out whatever duties he felt called upon to undertake. Known as the "Industrial Prince" or "Our Ambassador of Industry," he had already well deserved this honourable title.

At Cambridge, where he had studied "Civics"—a very comprehensive school—he had become especially interested in public hygiene and the welfare of youth. As the very active President of the Industrial Welfare Society, which has been defined as existing "to put oil instead of grit into the machinery of Industry," he had always paid frequent informal visits to factories to inspect and study conditions, especially all arrangements for the welfare of the workers. Realising that the stopping of work in any busy factory even for a very short time must involve loss to the employers, and if the employed are on piece-work, a drop in their day's earnings, he always tried to avoid a ceremonial visit.

An assiduous reader of periodicals and books on all labour questions, he had also always enjoyed talking

to leaders of Industry, whether employers or employed, and kept a written record of everything important that he either read or heard.

In connection with the Industrial Welfare Society he had for many years run an annual camp of about four hundred boys, held in the first week of August at New Romney, and each year he had spent several days joining in all the sports and games. This he was well qualified to do, being a fine rider, swimmer and shot.

One who has been much in his company wrote in 1927: "H.R.H.'s keenness as a sportsman is most endearing. He will rise at any hour in order to procure shooting or fishing before starting the day's work, and after seven hours of official functions he will dash off to change for three hard sets of tennis before an official dinner. He likes playing with the best, and can hold his own with Wimbledon giants." It may be added that in 1920 King George and Sir Louis Greig won the Doubles Championship of the Royal Air Force at Queen's, and in 1926 he was the first royal entry at Wimbledon. Besides tennis he is also a keen golfer and polo-player.

There was only one year's difference in age between the then Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and, both being destined for the Navy, the two brothers were brought up side by side.

Amusing anecdotes are told of our present King's childhood. Here is an example. One day King Edward VII was lunching with his son and daughter-in-law. During the meal King George VI—then little Prince Albert—made violent attempts to attract his grandfather's attention. King Edward, who was busy

talking, gently admonished his grandson for interrupting. "Don't talk, my boy, until we have finished luncheon."

The obedient boy subsided into silence.

When luncheon was over King Edward said : " Now, my dear, what is it you wanted to say to me ? "

" It doesn't matter, Grandpapa," was the dejected reply. " I was only going to tell you there was a caterpillar in your salad, but you've eaten it now."

In 1909 King George VI entered Osborne at the age of thirteen, and followed the usual routine of a naval cadet. His war record, though well known, may be briefly repeated. At its outbreak he was serving as a midshipman in the *Collingwood* in the First Battle Squadron. In this ship he was usually addressed by his messmates as " Dr. Johnson," because he was always reading books of a serious nature.

In spite of having only just recovered from an operation for appendicitis, he took part in the Battle of Jutland during which the *Collingwood* engaged a German cruiser, repelled a destroyer attack and was later on involved with another cruiser. The Prince was stationed in the fore-turret during the battle and was specially mentioned in despatches for coolness and courage under fire. The *Collingwood* was hit during the engagement, but did much more damage than she suffered, her guns ultimately compelling the German cruiser to withdraw. After the battle was over, the officer in charge of the gun-turret where the Prince had been stationed was asked if he could remember any detail of particular interest about the day. He said everything " had been quite normal and Prince Albert had made cocoa as usual for him and the gun-crew."



Soon after the Battle of Jutland, to his great regret, a serious operation compelled the Prince to retire from the Navy. Many men would have considered such prolonged suffering from ill health sufficient to exonerate them from any further active service but, against his doctor's wishes, he at once joined the Royal Air Force and very soon gained his pilot's certificate, ultimately receiving promotion to the rank of Group Captain.

When he was twenty-three he was made Duke of York, the historic title that, until the reign of Queen Victoria, had always been conferred on the second son of the British Monarch and which King Edward revived for his son, afterwards King George V.

The following extract from a letter written some years ago by a very distinguished soldier gives an interesting tribute to our present King : " It has been my privilege to be brought into close relations with the Duke of York, and I can only say that those relations could not have been more pleasant. The Duke appreciates the utmost frankness, and always met me more than half-way in any special request that I thought it necessary to make. In fact, there is in his character a very lovable trait—a striving for the right course and an intense desire for knowledge which, when acquired, he is equally anxious to pass on to those in authority or in high position—for he is nothing if not practical, and his speeches are full of suggestions for the wider diffusion of that knowledge for the greater benefit of the Empire.

" Though apt to be shy socially, if he finds an interesting and congenial companion he becomes agreeably alert, and can talk with great intelligence and acumen."

Certainly it is no use to talk to our new King super-

ficially or plausibly. "The Duke of York," a friend once rather ruefully said, "has a habit of weighing words—his own and yours."

The news of this deservedly popular Prince's engagement to a British subject instead of to a foreign Princess, was greeted with wide rejoicing. Had the country then realized that, besides the charm and grace apparent to all, this young girl also brought to her Royal husband's aid a strength of character and a fund of wisdom known only to her intimates, no doubt the rejoicings would have been even greater.

## CHAPTER XIII

THE wedding was fixed for April 26th. In the distant days of the Strathmore ancestors the dowry of the family used to be "half a moonlit night," that is to say, half the booty that the knights could steal on a roystering moonlit night. Apart from the exertions of that "roystering night," no doubt the preparations then made for a family wedding were fairly simple.

It may be imagined that those made for the wedding of the twentieth-century descendant of those lawless knights were correspondingly elaborate. The following announcement gives some idea of the picturesque formalities that precede a Royal wedding.

"As soon as the date for the Royal wedding has been fixed and the place for the ceremony decided upon, arrangements will be made at the Archbishop of Canterbury's Faculty Office for the engrossing of the marriage licence.

"The document will be prepared by the veteran clerk of the Faculty Office, Mr. Bull, who for fifty years has been writing ordinary licences and engrossing Royal licences. For three days he will stoop over a roll of parchment nearly a yard square in a locked room. He will use nearly twenty quill pens of various thicknesses and will write the licence in Old English lettering with black ink."

Accompanied by the young Prince, the future Queen

went up to Scotland to stay at Glamis for a few days. As may be imagined the excitement of the Forfarshire people, who for so many generations had given their affection and respect to the Strathmore family, was very great. Not that they thought their "ain Lassie" was by any means making too good a marriage. No doubt many of them shared the sentiments of the loyal clansmen of Inverary who on hearing of the betrothal of Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise, to the Marquis of Lorne, exclaimed: "The Queen must be a prood woman this day, marrying her daughter to a son of the great Duke of Argyll!"

From Glamis the engaged pair visited Edinburgh to choose a design for their wedding cake—a wonderfully elaborate affair; four storeys high, with all the coats of arms of both families wrought out in multicoloured sugar.

From the confectioners' factory the Duke and Lady Elizabeth went to watch the rugby match between England and Scotland, and their arrival on the football ground took the attention of the assembled thousands away from the game.

Except for a few short visits to Sandringham, Queen Elizabeth spent all the rest of the time between her engagement and her marriage in London. It was decided that the wedding was to take place in Westminster Abbey, where two royalties, Princess Mary and Princess Patricia of Connaught had recently been married. Before the year 1922—when Princess Patricia was married to Commander Ramsay—there had not been a single Royal wedding in the Abbey since the thirteenth century.

Eight bridesmaids were chosen. Two children—the bride's eleven-year-old nieces, Cecilia Lyon and

Elizabeth Elphinstone—and six of her grown-up friends ; Lady Mary Cambridge, daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge ; Lady Katherine Hamilton ; Lady May Cambridge, daughter of the Earl of Athlone ; Lady Mary Thynne ; Miss Diamond Hardinge ; and Miss Betty Cator. Their dresses were of white chiffon, and they wore wreaths of myrtle leaves with one white rose and a sprig of heather.

Thousands of letters had to be answered ; and all the time presents—often presented by deputations of the donors—were pouring in to Number 19 Bruton Street. Among the most striking gifts and givers were the one thousand golden-eyed needles, presented in an exquisite case by the Needlemakers' Company ; the wedding bouquet, made up of the white roses of York and the white heather of Scotland, from the Worshipful Company of Gardeners ; two portraits by Sargent, one of the bride given by Prince Paul of Serbia and one of the bridegroom from the American Ambassador ; a set of eighteenth-century silver dishes from the City of London ; a grand piano from the people of Windsor ; a table centre-piece of Sèvres china from France ; oriental china from Japan ; and, perhaps most spectacular of all, the fabulous clock, given by the City of Glasgow. This triumph of craftsmanship and mechanism had originally been intended for the Palace of George IV, but for some reason unknown was never delivered to that King. It has a lovely carillon of sixteen bells which plays one out of a repertory of eight different airs before each hour strikes. True to the traditions of its nationality, this clock is strictly Sabbatarian. For six days of the week it plays a march punctually every third hour, but on the seventh day it relapses into silence as soon as it has struck the hour. Each time the

march is played, little figures of King George III and his family perkily process across the clockface of the clock, emerging from an opening in the right-hand dial, which is painted to represent Whitehall, and, as this procession comes into sight a troop of Horse Guards prance out from another opening. One of the gifts received by the bridegroom, a cheque for £2,500, was immediately given to the cities of London, Glasgow, Belfast, Cardiff and York, to be spent on parties for poor children.

Bandbox by bandbox, the simple but very beautiful trousseau was gradually accumulated in Bruton Street, and much of it was not bought but made at home by a very fine needlewoman who had for years been employed by the bride's family.

The wedding-dress, severely cut in mediæval lines, was of ivory-coloured chiffon *moiré*, with pearl embroideries on cloth of silver : a narrow panel of this silver and embroidery falling between the shoulders at the back to gleam through the long bridal veil of exquisite old lace lent by Queen Mary.

The day of the wedding, April 26th, dawned wet and dull, but in the course of the morning gleams of pale sunshine gradually filtered through the greyness. The crowds deserved the comfort of its warmth, for they had not waited to see what the weather might hold in store. The glamour of the occasion had been sufficient invitation. The chill wan hours of early morning had found them eagerly assembled ; and Whitehall, that great highway of history, had never been thronged with denser or more patient crowds.

Young and old had come forth in their thousands to share with ungrudging sympathy in the joy of another

man and woman, a joy accessible to every human being, but for these two, whom Chance had set on high, made memorably beautiful by the pomp and pageantry so dear to the English.

In Parliament Square flags were flying and green garlands swinging in the wind. Outside the Abbey the high wooden stands held thousands of spectators, and from every lamp-post determined boys hung in grape-like clusters.

Mounted policemen moved about, gently backing their excited horses into bulging sections of the perfectly behaved crowd, and St. John Ambulance men wheeled their stretchers up and down the line, searching—not in vain—for victims of too prolonged standing.

As the hour of the wedding approached and the bells clanged out their joyful peals, the calm majesty of the Abbey, where the dead still keep their state, was gradually invaded by a motley crowd of the living. Soldiers, Statesmen, Indian Princes, Labour Members, Diplomats ; a moving mass of colour they slowly filed in to be ushered to their seats by scarlet men-at-arms carrying pikes.

From the great organ came the sounds of Purcell's beautiful suite, its strains slowly stealing upwards to wander and stray among the echoes in the dim upper spaces, whose mystery was pierced by the long shafts of light ; long shafts that scattered through the twilight of the arches the fragments of a broken rainbow, and touched the gilded reredos of the altar, on which golden vessels glistened and candles palely flickered.

Even in this dim religious light the brilliancy of the massed uniforms was dazzling. The gorgeous clash of scarlet, silver, blue and gold, the shining swords and

medals, the jewelled turbans ; all these united to reduce the wedding garments of the women to insignificance.

The music ceased. Expectancy grew.

In solemn splendour of crimson and gold the Clergy thronged into the Sanctuary.

The Archbishop of Canterbury with his glittering staff took up his stand before the altar. From far away came the sound of distant cheering : louder and louder, until it burst in a roar that echoed against the Abbey walls. The great assembly rose to receive the King and Queen, and the Royal procession slowly moved up the aisle and took their seats in the chairs on the right of the altar.

Another great burst of cheering greeted the bridegroom. Between his two brothers, the then Prince of Wales and Prince Henry, he advanced up the aisle. Impulsively Queen Alexandra rose and embraced her three grandsons.

The bridegroom's ordeal of waiting is not long, for soon the loudest cheer of all is heard.

The most poignant moment of every wedding has come.

The bride is here.

Startlingly, piercingly sweet rise the choir boys' voices ; " Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us," and through the wide-open doors to which all eyes are turned, she enters with her white following. It is as though those doors were letting in the Spring.

Pausing by the tomb of the Unknown Warrior the bride stoops to lay on it her bouquet of white roses and white heather.

Her father takes her by the hand, and slowly they advance up the nave. Before them a golden cross is carried high. She reaches the steps, the bridegroom



moves to her side, and they face the altar together, the sun shining full on their bowed heads as the familiar ritual is spoken.

The Archbishop of York addresses them in words of grave gentleness; the anthem "Beloved, let us love one another" is sung, and then the bridal procession moves into King Edward the Confessor's Chapel to sign the register while the strains of "God Save the King" fill the Abbey.

Soon the bride and bridegroom reappear. Her veil is now thrown back, and from her face shine radiance and gentle resolution, as hand in hand with her husband she walks out to face the cheering crowds and her future on the great stage of English History.

## CHAPTER XIV

**A**FTER the wedding an immense crowd assembled round Buckingham Palace. The cheering grew louder and louder and burst into a roar when at last the bride and bridegroom appeared on the balcony. When, after repeatedly bowing and waving their hands, they withdrew into the Palace again, the delighted crowd showed no sign whatever of dispersing but an iron determination to wait and see the Royal couple drive away.

In the meantime a large company was gathered inside the Palace ; relations and closest friends in the State dining-room, and many more than a hundred other guests in the ball supper-room. After the wedding breakfast the bride cut the wedding cakes in one of the drawing-rooms. Of these triumphs of the confectioner's art, the largest weighed no less than nine hundred pounds.

At last in a dress of soft grey *crêpe romaine*, a coat of the same colour, and a small hat with a considerably up-turned brim, the bride reappeared to the tumultuous crowd. Stepping through a shower of confetti and rose-leaves, she and her husband entered the open carriage drawn by three pairs of horses, and, with a gay clatter of escorting Life Guards in front and behind them, were swept through roaring crowds to Waterloo station, where they were conducted to a saloon carriage

upholstered in gold and filled with white roses and heather.

The first days of the honeymoon were spent at Polesden Lacey, the beautiful Surrey home of Mrs. Ronald Greville. From there, after one afternoon spent with Lord and Lady Strathmore in Bruton Street, the Royal pair travelled up to Glamis.

Cheering crowds thronged into the station to greet the Prince and his bride, and under the restraining eye of the station-master the new Duchess's own troupe of Girl Guides, possessively proud, lined up to meet their District Commissioner's train.

In the familiar beauty of the Scottish home of the bride's childhood, the Duke and Duchess lingered until towards the end of May, when they travelled south to spend the last fortnight of their honeymoon at Frogmore.

About the middle of June they settled into their new home in Richmond Park, the White Lodge, given up to them by Lord Farquhar, a former Master of the Household. During their absence in Scotland Queen Mary had been very busy preparing this house for her son and daughter-in-law, a labour of love that must have stirred many memories, for White Lodge had been the scene of her own childhood, having for twenty-eight years been the home of her mother the Duchess of Teck. It was also the birthplace of King Edward VIII who was born whilst Queen Mary, then Duchess of York, was staying with her parents.

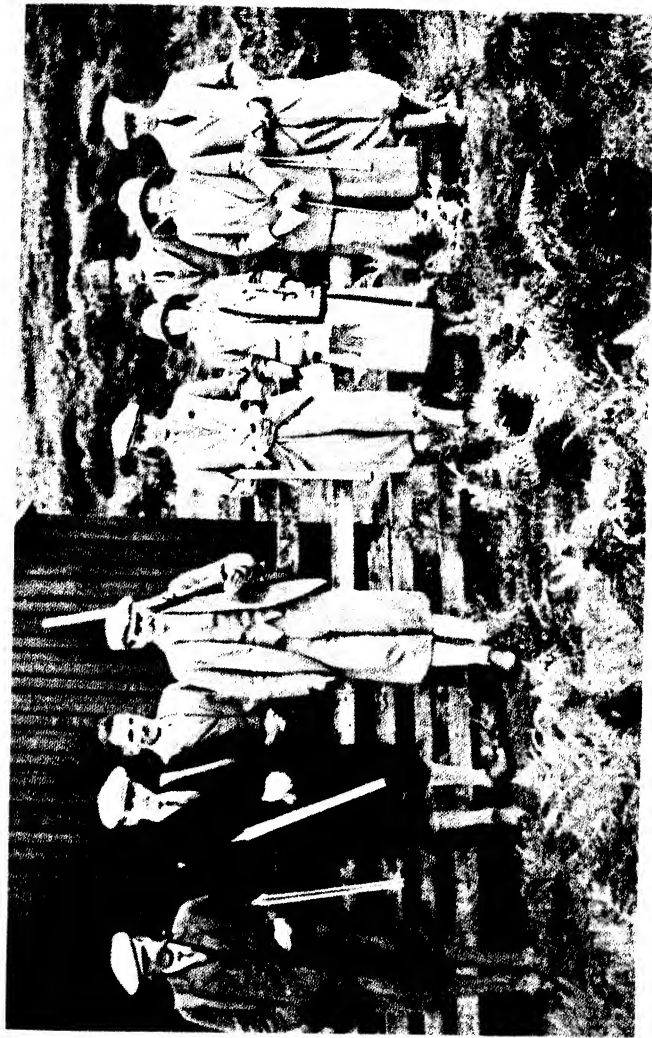
Within so short a distance from London, a more delightful dwelling-place could scarcely have been found. A square-built Georgian house with large, light rooms, White Lodge stands in a large garden on one of the most beautiful sites in Richmond Park. On this site there was originally a small hunting-box built

by George I, from a design by the Earl of Pembroke, "as a place of refreshment after the fatigues of the Chase." George II's wife, Queen Caroline, to whom we owe the Serpentine in Hyde Park, fell in love with the hunting-box and its surroundings, and built the present centre-block with its classical pillars on the garden front. When Princess Amelia, daughter of George II, was made Ranger of the Park and came to live there, it was decided to enlarge the house, and two pavilion blocks, connected to the house by quadrant passages, were added. The building of these two wings, begun by Princess Amelia, was finished by Lord Bute, who succeeded her as Ranger of the Park.

It will be remembered that Sir Walter Scott made White Lodge the setting for the famous scene in *The Heart of Midlothian*, when Jeanie Deans, in an interview with Queen Caroline, pleads for her unfortunate sister's life. During Jeanie Dean's journey to the Queen, the Duke of Argyll points out to her the beauties of the view from Richmond Hill. "This is a fine scene," says he. "We have nothing like it in Scotland." "It's braw rich feeding for the cows," replies Jeanie.

To give one of the many interesting historical associations of this house. In 1805, when Mr. Addington, later Lord Sidmouth, was living there, Admiral Nelson visited him, and, with a finger dipped in wine, traced on a table (now preserved at Up-Ottery Manor) the tactics he subsequently carried out at Trafalgar.

Its well-shaded lawns, rose gardens, lily pond and fine tennis courts make White Lodge an ideal summer residence, and in such surroundings weeks could have been spent in happy idleness, but the part the new Princess had, by her marriage, undertaken, soon proved



*The Times*  
ON THE MOORS NEAR GLAMIS, THE PRINCE OF WALES (NOW THE DUKE OF WINDSOR) AND THE  
DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK (NOW KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH)



very exacting, and her smiling presence was in such ceaseless demand that very little time was left her for the enjoyment of her own home.

Every single day she was asked to become Patroness of several societies, to visit hospitals, lay foundation stones, open bazaars, receive purses, unveil statues. As for planting trees, she must by now be responsible for a large forest !

It was appropriate that last year she should have been made Patroness of the Coronation *Planting* Committee. Addressing the meeting held to stimulate national efforts to beautify both the towns and the country-side, she said, " I have travelled about a good deal (she never said a truer word !) in this beautiful country of ours during the last twelve years. Whether in the big manufacturing towns, mining villages or quiet country-side one felt that ugliness was creeping in everywhere. . . . Now is the opportunity for our generation to add to the *beauty* of towns, villages and country-side."

To return to these first months of the Queen's married life at White Lodge, every sort of appeal poured in, and as each one had to be seriously considered and answered, it may be imagined that the daily post now became a very formidable factor in her life. Then there were also numerous Court functions to attend, and many visits to be paid with her husband to industrial centres, visits that sometimes involved a stay of two or three days.

As may be imagined, these new interests and activities left Queen Elizabeth little leisure for lotus-eating in Richmond Park.

To find herself the central figure at large gatherings might well have alarmed so young a woman into

awkwardness. Many would have found it too overwhelming an experience, as severe as being suddenly called upon to act a leading part in a play without any rehearsal; to be the *prima donna* at your very début. But of any shyness the new Princess may have felt, she showed few outward signs, and from the very outset of her career there was no resisting the contagion of the happiness she radiated.

However, as she never does anything superficially, but, so to speak, smiles with her whole being, each undertaking involves a great expense of vitality, and by the end of July she was very tired and very glad to go up to Scotland, first, as in every August of her life, to her beloved Glamis, and later further north to Balmoral.

Early in October she and her husband returned to White Lodge, and on the morning of the 18th they started on the three days' journey to Serbia, where the Duke of York acted as godfather to the infant son of King Alexander and Queen Marie. Here they stayed for two days, being guests at a house-warming party, for the Serbian Royal Family had only just begun to inhabit the vast new palace built on the site of the old one, which had been bombarded and destroyed by the Austrians in 1914.

To be the godfather (the "Koom," he is called) of a Serbian baby is no sinecure. Not only does it entail the responsibility of supervising the child's education, but later on if the godson wishes to marry, he has to obtain his godfather's consent to his choice of a bride. Neither was the then Duke of York by any means a lay figure during the elaborate ritual of the christening. Before becoming a Christian called Peter, the unfortunate baby had a considerable amount to undergo. His godfather carried him into the chapel and held him



through all the first part of the service, until his grandmother, the Queen of Roumania, " unswathed " him. The Duke of York then handed him to the Patriarch for total immersion in the font. After this the new Christian was anointed, and a cross was put round his neck by his grandmother ; then the Duke of York, preceded by a deacon with a thurible, had to carry him three times round the altar. The complicated ceremony ended with the cutting of a lock of hair from the baby's head.

Serbian babies apparently have no use for the traditional mug of English christenings. Peter was presented with a gold coin from his godfather, and a suit of clothes from Queen Elizabeth.

## CHAPTER XV

**T**HE new Duchess of York's ever-increasing popularity kept her very busy during this first autumn and winter of her married life. Every cause clamoured for her smiling support.

Before long the ever-increasing number of her engagements made the distance of White Lodge from London seem more and more of a drawback : and when, at the beginning of the season of 1924, Princess Mary, at that time living in her Yorkshire home, suggested that the Duke and Duchess should go to stay for a time at her home, Chesterfield House, the offer was gladly accepted. From this convenient base an absolute mosaic of engagements was undertaken and successfully carried out.

During July the Duke and Duchess paid an official visit to Northern Ireland, staying first at Clandeboy and then with the Governor-General at Baron's Court. From here they visited numerous districts and were enthusiastically welcomed wherever they went. "Come back to Erin" sang the workers in one of the flax-spinning mills of Belfast with a spontaneity and fervour which brought tears to the eyes of the new Princess.

At the Queen's University in Belfast, the Royal couple were both given the honorary degrees of Doctors of Laws, and the Duke laid the foundation stone of the new art gallery. In Londonderry the presentation took the form of a silver model of "Roaring Meg," the gun

so famous for the part it had played during the siege of 1688-89.

After this long round of official visits coming at the end of a very arduous London season, it was a lovely respite for the new Princess to find herself back at Glamis, comfortably dressed in feather-weight tweeds and Shetland jumpers, and for the time being free from all ceremony and any fear of that constant enemy the camera.

Not that she ever can by any means really escape from her obligations. The future is always encroaching on the present, and the daily post inevitably a disturbing factor, bringing, as it ceaselessly does, so many demands which necessitate immediate consideration and careful decisions.

But during her holidays at Glamis Queen Elizabeth's correspondence can usually be cleared off before luncheon, and after that she is free to be out in her exhilarating native air, until the end of the lovely long summer days. Sometimes fishing or playing tennis, but more often just walking over the springy turf of her beloved moors.

When the future King and Queen returned to London that autumn (1924), it was with a very exciting prospect before them, and for weeks they were eagerly occupied in making all the necessary preparations for the only long real holiday they have ever taken—their expedition to East Africa.

Before starting on this *Odyssey*, they were very busily engaged in planning every detail of their expedition; perusing maps, consulting books of travel and buying guns and all the necessary unusual garments.

At last all was ready and they sailed from England on

December 1st, 1924. As a companion the Duchess took with her Lady Annaly, one of her greatest friends from childhood, and the Duke was accompanied by Captain B. V. Brooke and Lieut-Commander Buist.

Though a few days were spent in attending ceremonial functions in each capital in East Africa, this expedition was not primarily an official tour, but made for the sake of health, change, out-door life and sport, all of which were amply provided by the countries visited.

To Queen Elizabeth, who had never been further abroad than France and Italy, these months of open-air life and really adventurous travel were a wonderful experience.

For those interested in travel, I will give a brief and easily-skipped account of the whole expedition.

The travellers sailed from Marseilles on the *Mulbera* on January 5th. At Mombasa, where they arrived on the 22nd, they were met by the Governor of Kenya, Sir Robert Coryndon, with whom they drove round the town, lunched at Government House, and afterwards attended a garden party and a "Ngoma," or native dance, held in a large open square.

That same night they left in the Governor's special train for Nairobi, Kenya.

During this journey they were able to see, about sixty miles distant, the magnificent snow-capped Mount Kilimanjaro, and they passed slowly through the famous Athi plains. While their little train was going through the Game Reserve, the Duke and Duchess sat on a seat on the front of the engine and, fascinated, watched all kinds of fantastic animals scurrying across the track. After three days' stay at Nairobi they drove to Embu, where they were welcomed by the local chiefs

and their tribes in all the fierce magnificence of war-paint and feathers.

The next night was spent sleeping in little huts scattered over the lovely plains, and, starting early the next morning towards Meru, the Royal party drove in pouring rain through great forests and vast undeveloped tracts of land. The motor-cars had to ford swollen rivers. One of them was soon water-logged, and seven of the party had to squeeze themselves into one small Buick car. It was very late before they reached the camp in which they were to spend a few days before setting out on safari.

The Duchess used to get up very early every morning and assiduously practise shooting at a target with her rifle, a .275 Rigby. No one was more surprised than herself to find she had that mysterious thing, a "good eye," but it immediately asserted itself, and she very soon became a remarkably good shot. In the wilds of Africa it is essential to be able to shoot. Each time you walk round a bush you may meet a lion face to face, not a pleasing encounter if you are unarmed.

The Duke and Duchess's first camp was on a very large plain facing the eighty-miles-distant Mount Kenya. Here they slept in small bamboo huts and ate in a big "banda" or open-sided shed.

Myriads of brilliant jewel-like birds and unbelievably lovely butterflies delighted the travellers' eyes; ostriches roamed round the camp, and all through the night the roar of restless lions and the thunder of galloping zebras could be heard.

In this district wet weather is unusual during these months, but on January 8th rain fell in torrents, and relentlessly persisted for two or three days. Fortunately the huts were more or less watertight, but

walking became very difficult and fatiguing for the camp was on black cotton soil which, when wet, becomes extremely slippery.

On January 9th they went off on safari, which meant living in tents, travelling very light, and moving camp practically every day until they reached Siola. Every day they would strike camp as early as 5.30 in the morning and march till noon over terribly hard going of lava rock and thick bush.

The Duchess nearly always accompanied her husband on his shooting expeditions, and after he had shot his quarry, and armed with field-glasses and cameras, they used to spend many enthralled hours watching and photographing the wonderful herds of animals that still roam the vast plains and thick bush.

On one occasion the Duke was furiously charged by a rhinoceros, but, standing his ground, he fired just in time and the huge beast rolled over stone dead.

During these weeks of camp life the time-table of a shooting day would be :

5.15 a.m.	Called.
5.45 „	Tea and a biscuit.
5.50 „	Leave camp for morning shoot.
11.0 „	Return to camp.
11.30 „	Breakfast? Lunch?
3.30 p.m.	Leave camp for afternoon shoot.
6.30 „	Return camp, bath and change.
7.30 „	Dinner.
9.30 „	Bed.

The wonderful climate—glowing hot days and refreshingly cold nights—made this camp life wonderfully enjoyable.

On February 4th, sunburnt and exhilarated, the

travellers returned to Nairobi, leaving it again on the 7th to set out for Uganda and the long trek down the Nile.

At Rangai they stayed a few days in the delightful house Lord and Lady Francis Scott had built for themselves, and then very regretfully said good-bye to their host and hostess and to Kenya, and embarked in a small boat to cross Victoria Nyanza, the huge lake that is just large enough to hold the whole of Ireland. On their way across the Lake the Duke and Duchess stopped at Jinja to see the source of the White Nile at the Ripon Falls.

On the afternoon of February 13th the Royal party arrived at Entebbe, where natives in racing canoes met them and greeted their white visitors with tribal songs.

Here they remained for three days, staying at Government House and spending one day at Kampala, the native capital. In this city they visited the King of Uganda and were given picturesque offerings of ivory and skins.

From Entebbe they went on to Fort Portal. Here a "lukiko" (a native parliament) was held, and more picturesque presents were given and eloquent addresses delivered. After one night's rest the travellers left Fort Portal, which lies right under the Mountain of the Moon, and descended the escarpment into the Semliki Valley. Here, instead of in tents, they slept in queerly-shaped mud huts made by the natives out of different coloured clays and painted with entertaining designs of animals and hunting weapons.

To reach their next camp they had to trudge fifteen miles through this valley, in which Solomon is said to have collected all the wealth of ivory that he gave to the Queen of Sheba. Here the grass is always very

dry at this time of year, and several spectacular bush-fires were seen. The only drinking water that could be procured was of a dark coffee colour and full of mud. Before it could be drunk it had to be strained with alum, a process which turned it an even more uninviting colour, but its taste was not unbearable.

On February 25th the Royal party came to a tiny landing-place on Lake Albert and boarded the *Samuel Baker*. During this voyage the travellers were sorely tried by mosquitoes, and the heat was so intense that everyone slept or tried to sleep on board.

When they reached Nimule, after motoring in Ford cars over a rough track, they joined the steamer *Nasir*, and slowly progressed down the White Nile for five weeks. The *Nasir* was a very comfortable boat, and the inevitable mosquitoes were the only drawback. The party often disembarked and camped on shore for a few days at a time in search of various game. On these occasions natives—magnificent specimens of humanity—used to arrive in their fantastic full dress and execute a wild dance of welcome.

The last night the Royal party spent in camp was no rest cure. A wild wind blew up. A cloud burst. Rain fell in torrents. The Duchess's tent fell in twice, and she and all her belongings were drenched.

Disembarking at Tonga, they motored up into the mountains to see a march past of twelve thousand Nubians, followed by a display of wrestling, spear-throwing and dancing. At Kodok, the local King appeared, in great magnificence, bringing the Duke and Duchess shields and other gifts, and then his tribe danced their famous "lion dance"—a pantomime of a lion hunt, in which two of the performers represent the prey. They wear masks and carry lions' tails, and a



third performer impersonates the hyena. The actors also waged a mock battle, hurling assegais and dexterously stopping them on their shields. Their wild tribal songs were strangely eerie, and their glistening bodies moved with marvellous grace.

On April 6th the Duke and Duchess were met by the Governor of the Province at Kosti, and went by train to Makwar to see the great dam which was then practically finished; a huge concrete structure, the factory for making the concrete alone having cost £200,000. Its object is to dam the Blue Nile in order to irrigate the land for cotton-growing.

At Khartoum the Duke and Duchess inspected some troops and attended an evening reception in the beautiful gardens.

Their last adventure was in the Suez Canal, when they were held up by a sandstorm, and the passage was prolonged from twelve to twenty-four hours.

In the middle of April the unwearied travellers returned to London, the richer for many imperishable memories and a large number of fine "heads." Of those that fell to the Duchess's rifle, the best was the Rufifrous Gazelle, which she had shot in the Soudan. This head measured over thirteen inches on the front curve of the horn.

During these adventurous travels the future Queen had proved herself not only a good shot but a very hardy campaigner and a lightning quick-change artist.

The agility with which she could readjust herself to the occasional demands of polite society that punctuated the uncivilised weather-beaten life they led; and, substituting a parasol for a gun, smilingly appear, looking as though she had never left London, was remarkable.

One of her fellow-travellers wrote : " During our African tour the Duchess showed her great versatility by thoroughly enjoying the various safaris and shoots, proving herself an exceptionally good shot, and in her enthusiasm often walking fifteen miles through rough bush country where the going was of the hardest. Day after day T.R.H. would set off from camp long before dawn, each carrying rifle, field-glasses and ammunition, returning at sunset after an exciting stalk to a meal consisting of their day's bag. On several occasions the Duchess, after spending some weeks in camp, wearing the usual safari clothes, and living entirely out of doors, had to return to complete and formal civilisation—a great change, but one which did not in the least worry her, as she would appear in a quarter of an hour looking as though she had never been motoring miles in a Ford over roads which in England would be considered impassable, or creeping through thorn bush and wading waist-high in a swamp."

After her wonderful holiday in East Africa, Queen Elizabeth returned to a very strenuous life in England. More in demand than ever, she consented to grace a great many ceremonies with her radiant presence.

Eight a day was about the average of the functions that, while Duchess of York, Queen Elizabeth used to be asked to attend. Naturally only a small proportion of these requests could be granted, but nearly all of them had to be carefully considered. Assisted by her lady-in-waiting, Queen Elizabeth always dealt with her correspondence early in the morning, and every single letter she received was scrupulously answered.

As she has always joined to her unfailing sense of duty a determination to keep in close touch with the

many friends of her girlhood, it was inevitable that her life should become over-full.

During this crowded summer of 1925, she accompanied her husband on several important visits to the large industrial towns in the north of England. Here there were always vast crowds eager to catch a glimpse of the smiling Princess, who looked so happy that the contagion spread and everyone else began to beam. As she drove past, men and women shouted out endearing epithets, and many of those who had been too poor to buy any flags, improvised decorations for their houses by using red flannel petticoats and their children's coloured frocks.

In August, as in every other August of her life, Queen Elizabeth went up to her beloved Scotland, she and her husband, first spending a month at Glamis and then travelling north to Balmoral.

This winter was saddened by the sudden death of Queen Alexandra sixty-two years after she had, as a beautiful bride, first come to adorn the country whose people at once took her to its heart where her memory still lives on.

After their return to London, King George and Queen Elizabeth lived for some time in Curzon House, Curzon Street, and then decided to go for the birth of her child to Queen Elizabeth's parents' house in Bruton Street.

Here, on April 21st, 1926, was born a baby girl, now Her Presumptive to the Throne.

Little Princess Elizabeth was welcomed with general rejoicings. The bells of St. Paul's clanged out jubilation and the Tower of London fired off the Royal Salute of twenty-one guns.

The quiet house in Bruton Street at once became one of the sights of London. From morning to night

groups of optimists waited about outside patiently hoping that they might catch just a glimpse of the small white bundle of shawl and flannel that was "the fourth lady in the land," and, for the time being, third in succession to the throne of England.

When the baby was five weeks old she was christened by the present Archbishop of Canterbury. The golden font used for the ceremony was specially brought for the occasion from Windsor to the private chapel of Buckingham Palace and the mother had it filled with real Jordan water from the Holy Land. The godfathers were King George, the Duke of Connaught, and Lord Strathmore. The godmothers, Queen Mary, Princess Mary, and Lady Strathmore.

Thus the aunt of long apprenticeship was promoted to rapturous motherhood, and found it so absorbing an occupation that the first happy weeks and months rushed by all too quickly, bringing the winter, and with it, the sad necessity to make a very hard sacrifice.

It had long since been settled that the then Duke of York was to go on an Imperial mission to open the first Parliament to be held in Canberra—the new capital of Australia. Naturally it was expected that his wife would accompany him. This meant leaving Princess Elizabeth, then only eight months old, and missing no less than half a year of her enchanting babyhood.

Had the opportunity come earlier, Queen Elizabeth would have eagerly welcomed the exciting prospect of going round the world, but now that strong strands, newly twisted, of motherly love and anxiety, tethered her to home, departure was anguish.

During this long separation the golden-haired, blue-eyed plaything she was leaving behind must inevitably alter out of all recognition. Babies are so fickle to their

own changing charms, their early phases so swift to succeed one another. How many thousand laughs she must miss, how many delicious "ways" and enthralling beginnings! First words—first steps—first make-believe. None of these would she hear or see. Neither could she hope to be remembered.

But it was a case of clear duty, and there could be no real hesitation. Leaving her in the tender care of four devoted grandparents and the Nannie of her own childhood, Queen Elizabeth, clasping round her little daughter's neck the string of coral worn all through her own babyhood, sadly kissed her good-bye and set forth to put a girdle round the earth.

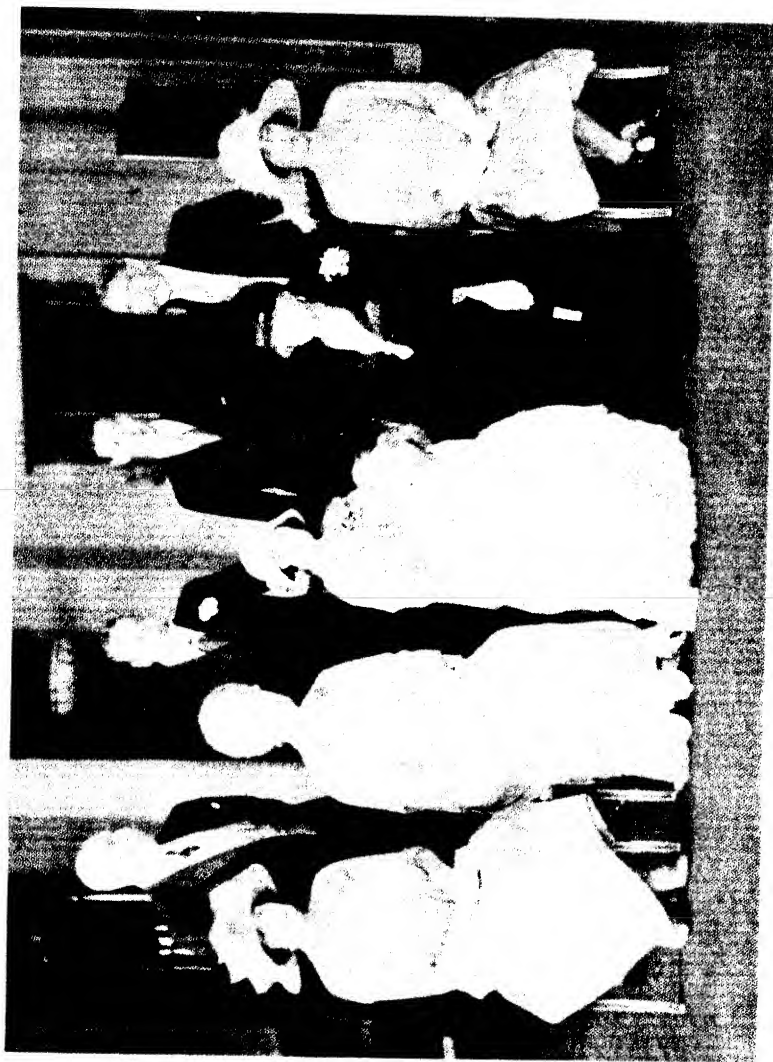
## CHAPTER XVI

**T**HOUGH it was with an aching heart that Queen Elizabeth on a bleak winter's day (January 6th, 1927) embarked on the *Renown* for Australia, she showed no outward signs of repining. Never had she radiated happiness more effectively than during the six long weeks of the voyage. Throwing herself into all the amusements of life on board, she added the rôle of dancing mistress to all its usual activities.

When the *Renown* passed the Equator King George cheerfully underwent the ordeal known as crossing the line. This ritual involved being lathered with a bill-poster's brush, shaved with a giant wooden razor, and ducked. On the same day Queen Elizabeth was invested with the "Order of the Golden Mermaid," not nearly so violent an experience.

The Earl of Cavan went with King George as Chief-of-Staff, and Sir Henry Fagg Batterbee was political secretary. Mr. P. G. Hodgson was, as he has always been, King George's personal secretary, and the equerries were Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Nugent, M.C., and Lieut-Commander Buist, R.N.

Surgeon-Commander H. E. Y. White, R.N., was the Royal party's doctor, and Queen Elizabeth was accompanied by two ladies-in-waiting, Lady Cavan and the Hon. Mrs. Little Gilmour.



THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH



*Central Press*

THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THEIR FIRST-BORN



But this voyage and the whole of the Imperial mission have been so well and so fully described by Mr. Darbyshire in his official book on the Australian tour, that no purpose would be served by giving another detailed account of them in these pages.

With what success the future King, in spite of his innate shyness, played his difficult part, is well-known, but a few words about Queen Elizabeth as an Ambassadors of Empire may add a little more colour to her portrait.

Though very interesting and often enjoyable, it cannot be denied that the tour was very exhausting. The days had to be filled so terribly full. It was indeed a great and continuous strain, especially on anyone so unsparing of her own vitality as the young Duchess, and all her companions speak in the highest praise of the indomitable spirit she showed, of her ceaseless consideration for others, and efforts to save them from fatigues she never sought to spare herself.

She could never bear to disappoint expectation, and when her doctor, pronouncing her to be suffering from a severe attack of tonsillitis, absolutely forbade her to accompany her husband to South Island, it was a very real grief to her.

Certainly she had done her best to fight circumstances, for before succumbing to this illness, she had behaved with really dangerous fortitude. For three days, she had with Spartan stoicism concealed her severe sufferings and, with a very high temperature, of which she had told no one, uncomplainingly motored from dawn to dusk along dusty roads, smiling as radiantly as ever, and firmly refusing even to have the hood of the car put up.

Her escort began to suspect her illness only through noticing that she talked less than usual and silently

accepted the decisions of others without that friendly argumentativeness which is natural to her.

Equally characteristic was the fact that, however, fierce the rays of the sun, she would always defiantly persist in wearing a hat with an upturned brim so that her face should never be hidden from the crowd.

Arriving at one town, amongst the thousands of strangers assembled to greet her and the Duke, the Duchess, as for this chapter we will call them, instantaneously recognised a man who about twelve years ago had been a patient at Glamis hospital, and at once sent for him to come and shake hands with her.

And on several other occasions she came across officers who had stayed at Glamis during the War, and they were all delighted to meet the gracious Princess they so vividly remembered as the lively child who used to sing to them, run races, coolly drive a pair of thoroughbreds which many of them would have been afraid to handle ; and, when the head gardener was looking the other way, lead raids on the hot-houses for grapes.

From first to last this Empire Tour was a triumphal success, and when the Royal party embarked for the return voyage on the *Renown*, the Prime Minister of Australia telegraphed the following tribute to the departing Prince : " The personality of yourself and the Duchess have brought vividly before us the tie that binds us to our kinsmen overseas. As an ambassador of the Empire you have brought the Mother-Country closer to Australia.

To give the impression made by the Queen on a resident in Australia, I quote from a letter written to me at the time by a friend in Melbourne.

" Rumour has reached us in Melbourne of the embarrassing loyal behaviour of some of the other towns.

Friends brought news of hustling and jostling of the Royal party ; of crowds pushing up everywhere, and even of the Duchess's delicate dress being so fingered by the inquisitive and importunate that it was unfit for further use. Melbourne was determined to show its superior courtesy, and the Government House Ball was certainly quite decorous. Naturally we were all consumed with curiosity and used our eyes with all our might, but the Royal lady was not disturbed or ruffled by the attentions of the guests.

“ It is astounding that so small a form can carry such dignity with it, and as she moved through the crowd or danced with the favoured few, there was a space about her all the time. People were intrigued because Her Royal Highness danced and sat out with one partner who had no uniform or orders, and only the medals which show war service from 1914 to the end. A pretty story hangs on this. All through the War, Lord and Lady Strathmore were kind to oversea officers, and among these was a young engineer officer from Tasmania who had seen service in Egypt, at the Dardanelles, and in France. The Strathmores were extremely good to him and invited him on several occasions to spend his leave at Glamis. He liked Lady Elizabeth immensely, and when he went back to France she wrote to him from time to time. Letters had such value to men who were twelve thousand miles from home. Lady Strathmore had also been more than kind, and would get up early on dark winter mornings to give him breakfast before he got the train back to the Channel and the front. So he had very grateful memories of all the family, and though he was very busy making a business for himself when the War was over and had a wife and young family to care for, he never forgot Lady Elizabeth, and

kept all her letters and some snapshots he had taken of her.

“ When he heard of her marriage to the King’s son he felt it less likely than ever that he would ever see her again in her new and important position, and when the Royal visit to Australia was announced, he felt diffident about making himself known to her. However, he wrote to her (after tremendous family consultations as to the correct way to address a Royal Highness) and told her how happily he remembered his visits to Glamis and how he hoped to see her at some of the official functions. For some days there was no answer—indeed, he did not expect one, knowing the crowded life she was leading—but at length a telephone message came from Government House to say that H.R.H. wanted him to come to see her the following day. It was a delightful visit, for the Duchess had him in her sitting-room for a long talk, and so successfully laid the weight of Royalty aside that he could have fancied himself at Glamis again with the friend he had known. When she dismissed him she told him she wanted to dance with him that night at the ball and would send for him. And accordingly that evening an A.D.C. fetched him and took him up to the dais, and when the Duke of York came up, she said : ‘ I want to introduce my husband to you.’

“ That is the explanation of why her first and second partners were the Governor-General and Prime Minister and the third a civilian with no signs of glory.

“ We were amused by the innumerable copies of the Duchess and her hats which filled the streets during and after her visit. Every girl with any pretence to looks, and many with none, had bought or ‘ made over ’ a hat with a turned-up brim and a bunch of feathers at one

side, and was smiling more or less attractively. On one occasion the first prize for fancy dresses went to a couple of girls who dressed as the Duke and Duchess—one in the inevitable hat and the other in a borrowed naval uniform, and I feel convinced that the prizes were given on loyal and sentimental or æsthetic grounds.

"I feel certain that the Royal visit did a great deal of good. It is impossible to realise how cut-off one is in Australia if you haven't been there yourself, and a personal visit makes such an enormous difference.

"We all felt for Her Royal Highness in the very overcrowded days that she had to spend while with us, and we all marvelled at the grace and courage that carried her through them."

That it was not possible for her to shake hands with everyone in Australia who wished for it, was the Duchess's recurring regret. Had she been allowed to gratify this wish, her knuckles would surely have been ground to powder. It was of course essential to treat each gathering—whether large or small—in exactly the same way, so it was decreed that she should not shake hands with any one who had not been formally presented to her. But at her last public appearance, she was heard joyfully to exclaim: "Ah! this time we *can* shake hands with everybody. There aren't more than a thousand people, and, as it is the last time, we need not worry about making a precedent!"

The climax of the Duke and Duchess's Empire Mission was when at Canberra, where a crowd of fifty thousand had assembled, the Duke, on behalf of his father, opened the Federal Parliament at its first meeting in its new home.

In spite of their full programme the Duke and Duchess

did manage to find time for a little fishing. The Duchess had the satisfaction of landing an eight-pound rainbow trout, and the Duke the thrill of hooking a shark in the Bay of Islands.

During their whole tour of New Zealand, perhaps the most picturesque episode was the display of outlandish dances (one was supposed to represent a pig in search of a wife !) given by the Maoris at Rotorua, where the crust of the earth is so thin that a law has been made forbidding anyone to dig deeper than four feet. In this extraordinary region seething pools of muddy water boil and bubble by the roadside, and if the ground is prodded, great clouds of steam fill the air. So extreme are the varieties of temperature in the waters here that it is said that you can catch a trout in one pool and over-cook it in the next !

As soon as the wild frenzy of primitive dancing had subsided at Rotorua, the Duke and Duchess of York were each presented with white feathers from the tail of a tribal sacred bird called the huia ; and when these ornaments had been fastened into their hats, they were proclaimed a chief and chieftainess of the Maoris, and a native orator delivered the following moving address of welcome :

“ Welcome ! Welcome ! Welcome ! ” it ran, “ Son, Welcome ! Second of that name which your Royal Father bore to this distant land a generation ago, welcome ! Thrice has Royalty deigned to honour our courtyard, to enter our humble house and to walk among us. It is good !

“ Thus is fulfilled that word which we spoke on this ground to your elder brother, that those who govern this far-flung Empire should walk and talk with its peoples in all its severed parts, and so understand and

be understood of them. Come, then in that spirit of trust, wherein England appeals to the ears of all races, knitting them surely together in peace and good will.

“Welcome, the Messenger of the Era to be, when space and distance may be made of small account, when words and works may encircle the globe—as does the sun—so that no part of the Empire may brood in gloom and there conspire evil,” and then turning to the Duchess the speaker continued: “Daughter of an honoured House, Welcome! Welcome! Thus did that first Royal Duke appear before the eyes of our fathers, with his Lady! Welcome, the Second Duchess! Ha!”

The Duke of York replied in English translated into Maori by an interpreter, but he both began and ended his speech with a Maori word. First *Tenakoutou*, a useful portmanteau word for “Greetings to you all!” and finally *Kia-ora*, which was not, as might be supposed, a demand for some bogus lemonade, but the parting blessing—“Good luck.”

Besides the tail-feathers of the huia, the Duke and Duchess were presented with many other unusual gifts, including some whales’ teeth, a line in merchandise so highly prized by the Fijians that at one time a single tooth used to be able to purchase two wives!

Perhaps the most touching of all the presentations was made at Port Adelaide when two tiny children crept on to the Royal dais, and wetly whispering, “Will you please put this in Baby Betty’s money-box?” pressed two threepenny bits into the hands of the future Queen.

## CHAPTER XVII

LENT to her grandparents during the six months of her father's and mother's absence, Princess Elizabeth, in the clever charge of her nurse, had never suffered from even so much as a cold in the head. In every sense of the word she had thrived. In fact she had developed into a real personality. At eighteen months of age, she already knew how to smile strangers into slavery, and would hold out her arms to a delighted crowd, just as though it were one delicious chocolate that she would like to put into her mouth.

A golden-crested "little friend of all the world" with a complexion of transparent fairness and a brilliant blue gaze, this "fourth lady in the land"—"Lilibet," as she already called herself, had completely captivated London. Indeed, her popularity had begun seriously to inconvenience her, for, owing to her perambulator being mobbed by importunate admirers, she had more than once been obliged to forego her agreeable outings in the Park.

Towards the end of June, 1927, as the *Renown* drew near the shores of England, this baby Princess might well have sung :

" I see a ship a-sailing  
A-sailing o'er the sea,  
And it is deeply laden  
With pretty things for me."

Surely no ship in the whole history of the seas can



ever have been more deeply laden with treasures for one child. At every single halt in their progress, gifts to take home to their daughter had been showered on the Duke and Duchess, and the *Renown* returned a veritable argosy, bearing in her hold, not only nearly *three tons* of toys, ornaments, knick-knacks and geegaws of every conceivable kind, but also many dolls far larger than the Princess herself, and a whole regiment of giant teddy bears !

She also brought to the little Princess some very valuable live-stock : two singing canaries, twenty squawking macaws, *and* a father and mother—both so hungry for the sight of their child that a fresh set of her photographs had been sent out to them by every mail !

On the afternoon of June 27th Princess Elizabeth was dressed up in her finest and most frilly frock and taken from her new home in Piccadilly to Buckingham Palace—the very big place where “ Grandfather England ” lived.

Just at that time her father and mother were arriving at Victoria Station ; and here we come to the only recorded instance of a temporary neglect of the public ever shown by Queen Elizabeth. Alighting from the train, she found an immense crowd gathered to welcome her. But for this once she found the expected customary “ slow motion ” progress through the station an absolute impossibility. Her eagerness to see her baby after so long a separation made her, for once, forget her part and she—hurried ! For this solitary lapse she promptly made amends by driving from the station to Buckingham Palace through the pouring rain in an *open* carriage.

Meanwhile Princess Elizabeth, arrived at the Palace, hears an unusually loud noise, and when she asks its cause, she is told that it is the kind people saying how

glad they are that her father and her mother have come back safe to London.

Father? . . . Mother? Father and mother are just pictures in big frames that stand in the nursery, so she is puzzled by this information.

Her blue eyes look perplexed.

Minutes pass.

The shouts grow louder.

At last her grandmother, Queen Mary, picks her up in her arms and, pointing to a pretty lady with a very excited face, says: "There's Mother—Lilibet!"

"Oh! you *darling*!" exclaims the excited-looking lady.

How will the baby receive this stranger mother?

It is an anxious moment.

All is well. After one swift bright blue glance of inquiry, Princess Elizabeth seems almost as pleased with her mother as if she were quite a large crowd. Her round face breaks into a wide smile, and her arms go out.

At the sight of this enchanting pair of smiling Elizabeths reunited, two wishes rose in the heart; that the daughter might grow to resemble the mother, and that, for the mother, the summer of life might prove as fair as its spring.

## CHAPTER XVIII

**A**S soon as she returned from Australia, Queen Elizabeth cheerfully re-shouldered all her varied work at home. Each pitiless post continued to bring numerous requests that she should become the President of several societies. Refusing ever to be a mere figure-head, she would never allow her name to be associated with any enterprise in which she was unable to play an active part. To accept the office of President is, she rightly considers, to undertake a serious responsibility, and this she would never do without making exhaustive inquiries into the purposes and methods of the society in question.

Once she has accepted it, the rôle of President always involves her in really industrious service. How often she was occupied in this service is shown by a glance at her engagement books of this period. Few women can ever have faced a more continuous or more varied succession of appointments. Here are a few picked out just at random from some of the records of her engagements.

Opening one of the many volumes, on one page I find her reviewing her own battalion of soldiers, for amongst her proudest titles is Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. About five years ago, she became also Colonel-in-Chief to the London Scottish. Another page shows her opening the new Woolwich Hospital, with its Memorial Hall, where

in a shrine a Book of Remembrance is kept to perpetuate the names of the six thousand two hundred and thirty men from Woolwich, who died in the Great War, one hundred of whom were killed by munition explosions in the Royal Arsenal itself.

Next I find her opening the new Memorial Library at St. Leonard's, the famous St. Andrew's girls' school, and planting a hawthorn tree in its grounds. Turning several more pages I see her up in Glasgow for the opening of the Corporation's Housing and Health Exhibition ; and then in York for the unveiling in the Cathedral of the Five Sisters' Window, dedicated to the memory of the one thousand four hundred women who lost their lives in the service of the Empire during the War.

In amongst these solemnities are scattered one or two engagements of a more frivolous nature ; for instance, when she attended the Cup Final at Wembley and was deafeningly cheered by the crowd of one hundred thousand people.

And one evening she is at the Costermongers' Ball held at Finsbury Town Hall, dancing with the Pearly King and joining in the Lancers. And then at another ball (this one given to raise money for the Princess Elizabeth Hostel) she watches the great parade of dolls, each representing the particular person who carries them. On this occasion Queen Elizabeth was presented with a life-size doll designed, painted and dressed to look like Princess Elizabeth.

Later entries in these engagement-books record Queen Elizabeth launching a ship, presenting Colours to the Black Watch, receiving University honorary degrees, addressing the British Legion, being admitted by the King to the Freedom of the Shipwrights' Com-

pany of which he is Permanent Master, and (yearly) paying visits to the British Industries Fair and at many other annual events far too numerous to mention.

For those whom it may interest, an alphabetical list of the principal institutions of which, while Duchess of York, Queen Elizabeth was either the President or an active patroness, is given in the Appendix (page 228).

Eagerness to see her continued to be as great as ever. While she was still a *débutante* Princess, this eagerness had been only natural, but that after so many years this eagerness should have shown no sign of diminution is a very real tribute.

To point to one gay feather in so crowded a cap, not very long ago a much respected and time-honoured General who, oddly enough, prefers to remain anonymous, once actually climbed to the top of a lamp-post to secure an uninterrupted view of her !

Years ago a soldier who had stayed at Glamis when it was a war hospital, said to me ; " Her smile is a refreshment." Let us hope the agile General on his high perch elicited an especially wide smile, and found it amply sufficient " refreshment " after his agility.

Certainly there are many who do feel refreshed. Let me quote from a letter written by a working woman, one of the many who wrote to Queen Elizabeth on her thirtieth birthday :

" I wanted so much to wish you happiness on your birthday. God bless you. You don't know how much we love you. Whenever I see you, you are always smiling, and it sort of cheers my life to see you smile."

Those who see her closely seem as content as those who watch her from afar. In 1927 a member of the Royal Family wrote to me : " She is perfectly enchanting and we all love her."

Apart from the births of the two Princesses, Queen Elizabeth's career has only once been interrupted by illness. At the end of 1935 she was for some weeks seriously ill with influenzal pneumonia, but she made a splendid recovery from this illness. After a short convalescence at Eastbourne, she was able to resume all her usual activities, and last year, during which she and the King visited so many industrial centres, was one of her very busiest. On one of these northern tours, she was thrilled by her descent of a pit at the Kibblesworth Collicry. For this adventure, she wore a scarf over her head, a white overall and ankle boots, and was armed with a pick-axe with which she hewed some coal.

During the years since Queen Elizabeth's marriage most women have suffered much in their rather breathless pursuit of fashions. Like valuable sheep they have had their tresses repeatedly shorn, re-grown and shorn again. The site of their eyebrows had been continually shifted and their finger-nails had turned through every possible and impossible shade of colour. Queen Elizabeth had given all these extravagances a wide berth, but though she had never been bobbed, shingled, bingled or wind-swept, she had yet contrived never to look old-fashioned.

I was amused by the following literal translation from an entry in a French journal written in 1931 after Queen Elizabeth's visit to Paris. "From her smile to her pearls, making the round trip by way of her hat to her shoes, she was more than conqueror." Her influence on dress has indeed been very considerable. The chief dressmaking firms in New York (where she is known as "the prettiest Royal lady in Europe") tell me that they send representatives over to England to attend important functions where she is to be present, so that they may

bring back a report of what she wore on these different occasions.

She buys all her clothes in Britain and at the forthcoming Coronation,<sup>1</sup> for the first time in history, the Queen's robe of royal purple velvet will have been woven in England from silk spun in this country. The velvet is now being woven at Braintree, on a hand-treadle loom, such as weavers used in mediæval days, from silk spun by last summer's silk-worms, at Lady Dyke's silk-farm at Lullingstone Castle.

To return to Queen Elizabeth as a social-worker, so very large a proportion of her time while Duchess of York was devoted to the obligations she had incurred, that any attempt to describe her career must include an account of some of the more important societies with which she had been associated. In the next chapter I will describe the aims of half a dozen of the most important institutions of which she is the President, and add some first-hand impressions written by people who have watched her in the discharge of her office.

## CHAPTER XIX

**N**OTHING interests Queen Elizabeth more than Child-Welfare, so let us first glance at her occupied with the care of the very, very young.

In the healthy high air of Highgate stands a very beautiful Jacobean building called Cromwell House ; and I advise anyone interested in the welfare of the very latest generation to visit this, the wonderfully picturesque headquarters of the Mothercraft Training Society. To quote its own prospectus : " The objects of this Society are to instil the duty of health and to impress on women the great responsibilities of motherhood ; to acquire and disseminate knowledge on all matters affecting the health of women and children ; to train nurses, young mothers and girls about to marry, to look after the health and general well-being of babies according to the triumphantly successful methods of the Founder of the Society, Dr. Sir Frederick Truby King."

Students at Cromwell House are not taught to rely on hospital conditions and made dependent on equipment unavailable in ordinary homes. The principles of the Truby King system can be carried out anywhere.

As is pointed out : " The Society trains mothers and nurses, both boarders and out-patients, to use with care and intelligence the things present in even the humblest homes."

Besides teaching mothers their duty, this Society also





*Marcus Adams*

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER BABY  
Taken after the return from Australia.



*Topical Press*

DRIVING FROM CRATHIE CHURCH, BALMORAL

shows babies how to give proper satisfaction, and Cromwell House has a large number of cots ready for those who, owing to some form of malnutrition, have not been thriving as they should.

It is strange and amusing to see this Jacobean house, one of the oldest buildings in London, peopled with so many of its very newest citizens. Compared to the stereotyped bleakness of the ordinary hospital, the rich, dark-panelled rooms make a startlingly picturesque setting, and there is something rather pleasantly incongruous in the shiny black, elaborately carved oak staircase, and the white-clad, light-footed nurses who flit up and down its solid steps.

For the care of these bad beginners, the delicate babies, there is a staff of fully-trained nurses.

Enter one of the pleasant wards, and in rows of cots, over each of which is written the Christian name, age, weight (both on admittance and up-to-date) of its tenant, you will see, in violent contrast one to another, at once both the very finest and the very poorest specimens of babyhood. I do not know which of these two extremes was the greater revelation to me. That any baby could look either so well as the best, or so ill as the worst, was equally astonishing.

These little patients were exactly like the "before and after" pictures on the advertisement of some patent medicine, and it was delightfully reassuring to turn from some piteously puny newly-admitted baby to a glorious infant Hercules, who, having already reaped the full benefit of the treatment, was now ready to face the world, well provided with firm fresh, clear skin and calm nerves.

For most of the miserable little creatures brought in for treatment, Spartan parents would have considered the doorstep the only suitable place, but at Cromwell

House even the very feeblest babies nearly all respond to treatment and grow plump and placid.

With wan pride the nurses showed me their most striking specimen—a little boy who weighed actually only two pounds ! I am afraid I shuddered at the sight of this minute fellow-creature, but they assured me that he was expected to “ do very well.”

It was a lovely afternoon in late summer and the rows of cots on the balcony, filled with rounded babies twiddling their bare toes while, like melons, they visibly ripened in the sun, were a very pleasing sight.

If you walk across the delightful garden with its lovely old mulberry trees, you come to the annexe to Cromwell House, the beautiful new building called the Princess Elizabeth Hostel. This was opened by Queen Elizabeth on November 26th, 1931. The first act of the ceremony was the planting by her of a baby mulberry tree, which it is to be hoped will thrive as well as the most exemplary of the human babies.

When Queen Elizabeth took her place on the platform to make the opening speech, two of the nurses, each carrying a “ veteran ” baby, David and Beatrice, approached, and the senior David (14 months) presented his President with a Victorian posy of roses, violets and white heather.

Soon after this opening ceremony, Queen Elizabeth returned to Cromwell House to pay it a surprise visit, as she wished to see it on an ordinary routine day. A clinic, attended by over fifty mothers and their babies, was then being held. The Queen talked to everyone in turn, and when she left the room, she—so I am told—somehow contrived to include every mother in her parting smile, so that each might have voiced the words of the one who said : “ Did you notice how the Duchess

smiled at *me*? I wonder why she picked me out so special? "

What the babies thought of their President has not yet been expressed, but no doubt each particular one has been told how specially radiant was the smile he inspired.

To follow Queen Elizabeth from the care of infancy to the care of youth, let us now glance at her as President of the Council of Girls' Clubs, an office she undertook only as recently as last July.

Briefly stated, the purpose of this organisation is "to unite girls' clubs of all denominations and districts and give help wherever needed." Lady Eleanor Keane, the chairman of the organisation, told me how delightful it was to see the Queen at Cardiff with over a thousand factory girls crowding round her; and when she left the Town Hall there was a wild rush just to sit in the chair *she* had sat in, and cries of "Oh, isn't she just lovely!"

An eye-witness tells me the Queen's visit to the Liverpool Branch was most moving. To quote her words:

"The girls, usually very reserved and undemonstrative, were excited almost beyond bearing point. After the Duchess of York's arrival they were struck quite dumb for a few seconds, and when it was all over I found little groups actually weeping. Somehow the Duchess, with her charm, meant their country to these girls. She was like a lovely flag. She was a symbol they could understand."

The following extract is quoted from a letter written by a factory girl:

"I think everyone gasped for joy when the Duchess entered the courtyard in her frock of the new eggshell blue. . . . After we had sung 'Land of Hope and Glory'

the Duchess left us with a beautiful Remembrance. We all ran out to get a last glimpse of her, and then, with never-to-be-forgotten moments in our hearts, we returned to our work."

Another union of which, as Duchess of York, the Queen was President, is "The United Nursing Services Club," opened in 1931, for the benefit of members of the Nursing Services who had taken part in the Great War: a grant for the purpose being given by the United Services Fund. The founder of this Club, which serves an admirable purpose, was Dame Ethel Becher, who during the War was head of the Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Services.

Miss M. F. Steele, its secretary, told me that in many ways the then Duchess of York reminds her of Queen Alexandra, who used often to visit the Military Hospital at Milbank when she was there: "The same wonderful charm and the gift of appearing to be exclusively interested in the person she is talking to."

One of the most interesting and admirable enterprises with which Queen Elizabeth is intimately concerned is the St. Marylebone Association, a gallant attack levelled against the standing disgrace of the London slums. The appalling problems presented by the slums have only recently aroused the painful interest long their due. For ages they were accepted as a necessary evil, one that seldom disturbed the mind of the comfortably housed. Even so conscientious a sovereign as Queen Victoria remained serenely unperturbed, and wanted to know "why people made such a fuss about the slums."

And even now, though we realise the national disgrace of the fact that within a mile or so of our own homes vast numbers of our fellow creatures are living in condi-

tions none of us would dream of tolerating for our pet animals.

The difficulties of clearing the slums are so immense that most of us, however alive to the disgrace, still find the problem too difficult to tackle. All that one person can possibly hope to achieve seems so little in proportion to all that is required, and most of us are only too ready to take the fact that we cannot achieve everything as an excuse for attempting nothing.

Indolence induces resignation to evils and sufferings that are not really inevitable ; submission to circumstances we could at least in some measure relieve. How often is it said of any scheme to improve the conditions of the very poor : " I am sure it is quite hopeless. What could I possibly do ? What difference can one drop in the ocean make ? "

And of the occupants of the slums people say, " They are used to it. You might as well pity me because I do not live in Buckingham Palace ! "

Fortunately, there are always some human beings who, undismayed by difficulty and undiscouraged by jeers, will straightway set to work to clear the nearest patch, in spite of its relative smallness to the vast area they must leave unredeemed ; a relative smallness to which idle pessimists persistently draw attention.

Actuated by this crusading spirit in 1927 a few friends founded the St. Marylebone Housing Association, and launched a tireless attack on the hideous squalor of Lissom Grove.

To carry out their purpose, which was to demolish the existing disgraceful buildings, and to build new and liveable houses, they bought a piece of freehold land the nightmare centre of which was a Gargantuan rubbish-heap, surrounded by wretched insanitary

hovels and decayed shops overrun by rats and beetles.

The overcrowding was appalling. To give one by no means exceptional example, a room eleven feet six inches by seven feet six inches was occupied by a man, his wife, and four children!

The then Duchess of York was approached by the new Association and asked to give her support to their enterprise. After making the most careful inquiries into the existing conditions under which the tenants of Lissom Grove were living and the schemes for rebuilding this slum, she gladly consented, and it was settled that she should lay the foundation stone of the first block of flats as soon as the site should be ready for building. Many difficulties had first to be overcome. The purchase of the land had been a severe financial strain on the small means of the group of reformers, and the expense of clearing away the enormous mass of rubbish from the centre before any actual building could begin was very great.

But at last the preliminary part of their task was achieved, and on June 9th, 1928, the Duchess came to lay the foundation stone of the first block of flats. Though the rubbish-heap was removed, "Home, sweet Home" must still have seemed the most ironic composition to the occupants of Lissom Grove—a part of the kingdom hitherto unvisited by Royalty.

Owing to the density of the population considerable anxiety was felt concerning the Duchess's safety, and some policemen were overheard saying they were glad they were to be off duty on that particular afternoon. But the crowd proved as considerably courteous as it was wildly excited, and the visitor must have realised that she had extended her conquest over many thousands.



To testify to the delight given by her presence, here are extracts from letters from two women, both of whose homes she visited.

One wrote :

" I must tell you what occurred when Her Grace visited our humble home. It *was* a day of excitement, I can assure you ! While we was waiting with our flags ready to cheer on Her Grace's arrival, I was surprised by a knock that come, and when I opens the door there was Her Grace the Duchess of York, and the first words she says was ' May I come in ? ' And I said : ' Certainly, you was ever so welcome,' and she smiled ever so and the sweet way she spoke made us quite happy, for we knew we had with us the sweetest lady who seemed to understand us and felt at home at once. She wasn't afraid to go over the house and she remarked on the picture of her little daughter, and now I treasures that picture even more—I can almost see the Duchess now in her bage coat and hat and we still say how very pretty she looked. I didn't realise what I had done for the moment but I led her to the window, and when all the crowd outside saw her they cheered themselves hoarse, and I was so delighted and happy that I shouted : ' Ain't she lovely and sweet ? ' When she left in her car she waved her hand and left us so happy, and we are sure that wherever she goes her presence will always make people glad. God bless her."

The other wrote :

" On the wall was a photo of my son Thomas, killed at the battle of the Somme. Only twenty he was. The Duchess looked at the photo. ' How lovely,' she said. ' He belonged to the Royal Fusiliers, I see,' and then,

turning away her pretty head, she whispered : ‘ God bless him.’ There was tears in her eyes, and I felt I could have hugged and kissed her, but I was so overcome, I had to turn away not to break down sobbing. . .”

Three years later the Queen revisited Lissom Grove to open the delightful new flats of which she had laid the foundation stone. The devoted band of workers responsible must surely have felt their labours well rewarded as they remembered the one-time hideousness of the place they had so wonderfully converted. The centre of the site, once a desolate chaos of filth, rubbish and decayed wood infested with sewer-rats and wild-eyed cats, was now a green and pleasant courtyard through which walked grateful tenants, pathetically house-proud because they had the new privilege of sleeping in a room in which they did not also cook eat and wash.

On this visit the Duchess was received by her brother David Bowes-Lyon, who had become the able and industrious President of the Association. Its Honorary Secretary, Mrs. F. Herbert Davies, without whose untiring zeal nothing could have been achieved, tells me this second visit was a most happy occasion, and she also said how greatly her labours had been lightened by the Duchess’s constant interest and encouragement.

After the opening ceremony an official was heard to say : “ Isn’t it wonderful to see someone *going on* doing the right thing ! ” and a tenant exclaimed : “ Well, she is a lovely young lady, and she deserves all she gets ! ”

To turn from the grim realities of slums to the solace of art, I’m sure that the Duchess’s connection with the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art must be one of her most

pleasant duties ; it might almost be described as a holiday task.

On November 17th, 1931, she came with the Duke of York to open the Academy's beautiful new buildings, and after greatly enjoying the students' performance she was persuaded to deliver an impromptu speech from the stage of the theatre, and in so doing proved that she, at least, needed no instruction in elocution. She then made a tour of the premises and was personally introduced to each of the students.

Shortly after this opening ceremony the Duchess was invited to be Patroness, and her consent assured her continued interest in the students.

Mr. Kenneth Barnes, the principal of the Dramatic Academy, wrote :

“ The Duchess appreciated every turn in the Comedy which was charmingly punctuated by the gaiety of her laughter. After the recitation by Henry Ainley of a poem especially written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate, she was asked to make a speech. At first she said she never spoke at public ceremonies, but at last she yielded to persuasion and delivered a speech that was a lesson in how such a speech should be made and spoken. Not only was it a lesson to the students in faultless diction, but it also convinced her audience of her genuine and intelligent interest in the drama and her faith in the value of good training. Incidentally she expressed herself delighted to hear of the Academy's untiring efforts to eradicate the so regrettably prevalent false pronunciation of certain vowels, known, perhaps unjustly, as the “ Oxford accent.” The Duchess inspired unanimous affection and admiration in the hearts of the students. Apart from the spell of her

charm, they were made to feel that she took a lively interest in their work and could criticise it wisely as well as value it generously.

“ The questions she asked showed an unusual capacity not only to observe, but also to form a true estimate of the nature and conditions of the work. On this occasion, as on countless others, she showed that she did not regard her visit as a merely formal ceremony, but as an opportunity for appraising all she saw so that she might form her own opinions.

“ On the staff and the students she left the impression that they had been visited not only by a Patroness of whom they were proud, but also by a friend who would not forget them, and since then she has given evidence of her remarkable memory not only for faces, but for the impression received of the character behind the face.”

Another school of art with which Queen Elizabeth has for a long time been intimately associated is the Royal School of Art Needlework. This admirable institution was founded in 1872 by H.R.H. Princess Christian with the double object of reviving a languishing art and providing paid employment for educated women who would otherwise be obliged to live in poverty. The school has been a great success and is now entirely self-supporting. The most exquisite embroidery is produced, and any kind of needlework can be carried out from the faithful copying of mediæval tapestries and the making or repairing of Regimental Banners to the turning out of underclothes and table linen in the very latest fashion. When H.R.H. Princess Christian died the then Duchess of York succeeded her as President.

Every year since then Queen Elizabeth has for several

hours presided over a stall at the winter sale, and buyers in close formation press and throng to buy something from her hand. Few tasks are more fraying to the temper than selling. To have to stand and look pleasant for hours while you keep your head about prices, the giving of correct change and the packing of parcels is enough to fluster the most serene, but Queen Elizabeth has never once failed to greet each customer as if she were not only the first but also the last !

In this R.S.A.N. Training School there are now over thirty whole-time students and nearly a hundred at the evening classes.

The full course, for which a fee of only forty-six pounds is asked in payment, covers three years of tuition, at the end of which a diploma (always signed by the Queen, while she was Duchess of York) is obtainable and the school guarantees to find its pupils, now fully qualified to teach every branch of embroidery, interesting and well-paid jobs.

Apart from the sale-days, Queen Elizabeth often visits this school and always shows great interest in each worker and her work. To add yet another to the chorus of testimonies, I quote a letter from one of the embroidery teachers, written some years ago.

“ The Duchess of York seems to radiate charm. She has that true simplicity so seldom found after childhood. She will always be loved and willingly served because she has that happy gift of thinking the best of people and so will invariably get it.”

## CHAPTER XX

**A**FTER the opening of the Parliament at Canberra, unquestionably the most important, as it was by far the most picturesque episode in Queen Elizabeth's public career as Duchess of York, was when in 1929, for a whole fortnight, her husband and she held Court at Holyrood during his appointment as the King's Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

This was the first General Assembly attended by any member of the Royal Family since James VI of Scotland became James I of England, and went to live in London.

For my account of this historic occasion I am indebted for my material to Dr. Edie, who was then acting as Chaplain to the Duke of York.

For the greater part of the year the Palace of Holyrood-house (to give the famous residence of the Scottish Kings its full name) lours undisturbed in the midst of the beautiful city of Edinburgh. Abandoned to ghosts and caretakers by night, during the day it suffers partial invasion from sightseers who come to peer at the bed of Mary Queen of Scots, at the stain of Rizzio's blood on the floor, and at the long gallery with its portraits of Scotland's Kings—the gallery in which Prince Charlie held his revels during his brief military occupation of Edinburgh.

Undisturbed by these intrusions, the grim castle appears consecrated to its savage history. Grimly

repudiating the present, its great grey bulk seems for ever brooding over the past.

Once, however, in each year it stirs in its sleep, and some of its ancient splendour is revived to pay allegiance to the passing moment. This is when his Grace, the Lord High Commissioner, comes into residence. Once more bugles blow, guards are set, bagpipes wail, and crowds thicken to see their Graces with their clattering escort drive up the Royal Mile to the Assembly Hall, or the long line of carriages bringing those who attend the Commissioner's Levee. Far into the night the crowds stand to watch the brilliant lighting of the windows of the re-awakened Palace, and to hear the strains of music float across the excited city.

As Duke of York our new King was the first member of the Royal Family to hold this office since 1600. Before that date, several kings had taken part in the proceedings of the Assembly (usually it must be admitted to the entire *dissatisfaction* of its members), but since then the reigning sovereign had always been represented by a chosen Commissioner—usually a peer of the realm. It was said: "The Commissioner is always royal during the sittings of the Assembly, but never before had he been royal apart from his Commission." However, the meeting of 1929 was no ordinary occasion, but so tensely dramatic a moment in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland that it is no exaggeration to say that the eyes of Christendom were turned towards Edinburgh. After long and difficult deliberation, the two great branches of Scottish Presbyterianism, the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church, were at last to be re-united. Between these two Churches, almost equal in membership, scarcely differing in government or worship, and firmly claiming the same ancient heritage,

union had long been overdue. But, though most of the old feuds—the causes of which were scarcely known to the present generation—were falling into oblivion, obstacles yet remained. To frame Articles of Union to the approval of each Church was no easy matter, and many attempts had ended in failure. In 1929 the delicate task was at last achieved. The Articles of Union were ready for ratification by both Churches at the meeting of the Assembly in May, and for the actual signing of the Act of Union in October. The year 1929, therefore, stands out as one of the most memorable in the history of the Scottish Church, and its Assemblies were awaited with unparalleled excitement. It had been hoped that King George V would himself preside at Holyrood, and in his first public utterance as Commissioner his son said : “ His Majesty has asked me to tell you how very disappointed he is that, owing to his illness, it is impossible for him to visit the Assembly which marks such a significant event in the history of his beloved Scottish people.”

For the disappointment of the King's absence there could have been no better consolation than the opportunity to welcome his son with a young wife, who, to her celebrated charm, added the crowning recommendation of being herself as Scotch as may be, and who was hailed as “ a bonnie flower that returns to its soil.”

From childhood Queen Elizabeth had been steeped in the stormy history of her country, and it was with an almost overpowering sense of romance that she entered the Palace that had staged so much of its picturesque violence. From the evening of Saturday, May 18th, when the Royal Standard ran up to the top of the flag-staff on the rugged Palace and there was a shout of



“ They’ve come ! ” until her departure ten long days later, she remained under the spell of this romance. Thick and heavy with glamour, the atmosphere enwrapped her as with a heavy cloak. Like some hauntingly sad and lovely tune that cannot be dismissed, the thought of Mary, Queen of Scots kept drifting into her heart and mind, and when she woke for the first time to her unbelievably glamorous surroundings, it was to wonder into which century she had been wafted by her dreams. But, however much her imagination strayed into the past, the claims of the present were many and urgent. With smiling zest the Duke and Duchess responded to these claims, and if they were ever tired or preoccupied, no signs of it were shown.

One day’s respite from public functions gave them breathing space to become a little acclimatised to surroundings so bewilderingly romantic ; then on Monday, in the Throne Room, the Lord Provost presented the Duke with the keys of “ His Majesty’s ancient and loyal City of Edinburgh,” and this time-honoured ceremony, followed by the State Dinner, marked the beginning of the duties of the Royal Lord High Commissioner. The Assembly, which begins with a service, met every day and sat for the whole of the morning. The Duke occupied the throne in the raised gallery behind the Moderator’s chair, and around him sat the Duchess, their suite, the Purse Bearer, the Private Chaplain and occasionally the Lord Provost and the Solicitor-General.

Every day a large company was entertained to luncheon and dinner, and there were several evening receptions. Besides this, there were innumerable duties outside the Assembly : hospitals to be visited, new wings to be opened, foundation stones to be laid.

The picturesqueness of the Royal progress was

greatly enhanced by the fact that the Duke and Duchess always drove through the streets, not in a motor car but in a landau with an escort of Scots Greys in all the glory of scarlet tunics and plumed bearskins. Whenever the Duchess set out to fulfil her mosaic of engagements, the crowds that lined the streets and hung out of the windows just in the hope, after long waiting, to catch a glimpse of her face or a wave of her hand as she passed on her smiling way, told the same tale of kindled admiration and affection. "Eh, is she not bonnie?" was the constant reiteration.

One of her first visits was to the Royal Infirmary, where she was surprised to find one ward entirely yellow. Not only were all the flowers yellow, but the patients had even tied their hair with ribbons of the same colour. She was very much touched when it was explained to her that the reason for this yellow fever was that it was supposed to be Princess Elizabeth's favourite colour.

The grounds of the Palace with their almost theatrically picturesque background of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag, are ideal for a garden party, but unfortunately the day fixed, Friday, the 24th, was relentlessly wet. Determined that their guests should not be disappointed, the host and hostess improvised an indoor party, and a long stream of damp and grateful visitors passed in front of the dais to be consoled for the elements by this unexpected and sympathetic reception.

Fortunately, the next day the sun shone on the garden party that was given to the ex-Service men. One of the blinded soldiers, a Black Watch man, now a bead worker, had made a bead brooch with a heather spray for the Duchess which, to his delight, she immediately pinned to her dress.



*Central Press*

THE QUEEN AND HER DAUGHTERS AT GLAMIS CASTLE



*Sport & General*  
PRINCESS ELIZABETH (third from right in front row) AND PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE (second from right in front row) AT A PARTY GIVEN FOR THEM BY VISCOUNTESS ASTOR

Probably the liveliest scene of all was the garden party given to the schoolchildren, who were conveyed in buses and trams to the Palace, there to be packed with ices and cakes. The Duchess's expressed wish was that the children should be allowed to enjoy themselves without any restraint. The natural result was that when she and the Duke came out to see their guests, they were immediately surrounded by a vociferous army of exuberant children, each one of them determined to get nearer to the "Prince" and "Princess" than any of the others. The ambition was actually to "touch the Duchess." Extricated by a bodyguard of perturbed grown-up people, the host and hostess appeared at one of the upper windows, laughing and waving to the children below, who responded with the shrillest cheers ever heard in Edinburgh. Next day the more imaginative of the newspapers brightened their pages with startling headlines: "Six Thousand Children Mob the Duchess." "The Duchess Climbs a Wall to Escape," etc., etc.

The most picturesque ceremony outside the Palace was the sixth centenary celebration of the Granting of the City Charter, when the Duke unveiled the memorial statues of Wallace and Bruce. In his address he said that the occasion was one of thrilling interest to himself and the Duchess, as it was a source of great pride to them to know that they were both descended from Robert the Bruce. That same evening, one of Holyrood's greatest treasures, a relic of six hundred years ago, the heart of Bruce, was shown to them. Deeply moved, the two descendants held in their hands the withered heart of their ancestor, Scotland's hero King, the heart that Douglas in the last hour of his life flung before him into the midst of the Moorish host, crying,

“ Forward, gallant heart, as thou wast wont : Douglas will follow thee or die.”

On Wednesday, May 29th, the Assembly met for its closing session. After addressing the members, the Moderator turned to the Throne Galleries to thank the Duke for presiding over their meetings. All eyes were turned upon the Royal couple, and when he ended his speech with the words, “ No clouds or gloom could be proof against the charm of Her Royal Highness, who indeed has captured all our hearts,” he voiced the opinion of all.

The Duke and Duchess left Holyrood that evening, but returned for the final act of Union between the two Churches. The Union day, Wednesday, October 2nd, broke with blustering winds and scurrying rain, but no weather could deter the people of Edinburgh from crowding to see the Duke and Duchess on their way to preside over the making of Scottish history. After a service in the lovely Church of St. Giles, the members of each Assembly met in their respective halls and then filed out in two long processions which met in the High Street, and together passed into the Cathedral. As the Duke and Duchess of York moved slowly up the nave the whole of the vast congregation stood up to receive them. Impressive as was that first united service, the most unforgettable scene of this memorable year took place in the Hall of Assembly, where sitting accommodation for thirteen thousand people was provided.

When the Duke and Duchess appeared and took their places on the Throne Gallery behind the platform, these thirteen thousand people rose to their feet like one wave of a surging sea. On the platform around the two Moderators were all the nobility of Scotland, the Secretary of State, Senators of the Court of Justice,

Principals and Professors of the Universities, Provosts and Magistrates of Cities and Burghs, soldiers of high rank, and distinguished members of all professions. Conspicuous amongst this brilliant throng was the present Archbishop of Canterbury, then Archbishop of York, as Scotch as any man present, and near him his venerable predecessor, Lord Davidson of Lambeth, for twenty-five years Primate of England, and also a Scotsman, whose ancestors had ministered in the Church of Scotland. In front were delegates from all the ends of the earth, representatives of almost every Protestant Church, from Canada and the United States, South Africa, Australia, India, China, and Japan, and behind them, stretching to the dim distance, a pale blur of faces. Never before in all the centuries had any Commissioner faced such a gathering as this, and both the Duke and Duchess were visibly moved.

Principal Martin declared that the Act of Union had been adopted, and that the two Churches were now one, to be known as The Church of Scotland. The vast assembly rose. With uplifted hands they signified their assent, and the Union became an accomplished fact. The breach of centuries was healed ; the hopes, visions and prayers of generations fulfilled.

The Duchess watched the proceedings with glowing eyes.

Dr. White, having been elected first Moderator of the United Church, the King's Commission and letter was read with the customary ceremony, one observed for centuries, and the Duke then made his last speech as Lord High Commissioner.

The next day the Duchess regretfully bade farewell to Holyrood, in which she says she had " enjoyed every hour of her stay." In no hurry to leave her native land,

before going south she graced another ceremony. This was at Blantyre, where she opened the birth-house memorial to the great explorer and missionary, David Livingstone.

The following account, written by a miner called James F. Smith, describes the sentiments she inspired, and explains why the people of Edinburgh had so cheerfully endured every variety of weather just for the sake of being able to say in the words of the seventeenth-century poem :

“ I did but see her passing by,  
And yet I love her till I die.”

#### THE LITTLE DUCHESS PASSES THROUGH HAMILTON

“ The old Cross was as yet quiet. The ‘ Traffic Cop ’ with his huge white gloves was taking it quite easy.

The buses, their bonnets gay with little flags, passed to and from the place of pilgrimage.

The whole town rallied to the occasion—witness the tops of Castle Street and Church Street. Women, just newly rid of their burdens from the ‘ bing ’ up with their sooty faces to see ‘ The Duchess.’ Their men, in caps and mufflers, suspending for the time being all interest in football, waited and watched—all were gathered to give the Third Lady in the Land a right Royal Scotch welcome. At five minutes to three a glad shout arose : ‘ The Royal car ! The Royal car ! ’ Round the bend sped the Royal cars. In the second was she whom we had been waiting for over an hour to see.

‘ My ! Isn’t she lovely ! ’ gushed a young thing near me, no bad looker herself !

The Little Duchess smilingly received our cheers with a graceful bow and a wave of her hand. She was



deliciously beautiful and won all our hearts at once. Beneath the pale-blue hat we saw the delicate beauty of the bonnie Royal Lady's perfect face.

In an instant she was gone from our sight, but we had feasted our eyes on her, and that was all that mattered."

Though the Duchess's ten days' Queenship at Holyrood must rank as the most picturesque of the rôles she has played since her return from Australia, there are others worth recording, for instance, when in October, 1931, she visited Oxford to open a new department in the infirmary, the University conferred upon her the degree of Doctor of Civil Law by Diploma.

On this occasion, she carried the heavy University robes with grace, and looked as though she understood every word of the Latin tribute paid to her by the Vice-Chancellor. For readers no better educated than myself, I give an English translation of his address :

"It is my duty and privilege to place in the hands of Your Royal Highness the Diploma of the Doctorate of Civil Law. This gift, which is reserved for the most illustrious personages, is the greatest which the University has power to bestow. We offer it now to you, both as a symbol of our loyalty to the Royal House which you represent, and as a token of the deep respect and admiration which we cherish for your person.

Among the amiable virtues, Madam, with which your character is adorned, none surely are more conspicuous than your benignity and kindness, your zeal for the promotion of every good and useful work, your compassion for the unfortunate, and particularly for the poor and sick. By the exercise of these graces you have not only charmed all hearts, but also conferred substantial and practical benefits on this country. You have

contributed to mitigate suffering and relieve distress ; you have given to all a salutary example of duty diligently performed ; and, by means of the affection which you inspire, you have helped to strengthen the sacred ties which unite the People with the Throne. Such merits, in the judgment of the University, are worthy of the highest honour ; and it is with the consent and approval of all that you are now invited to assume that distinguished academic dignity which, by our custom, is awarded to those who have deserved well of the community.

This day, on which you are graciously pleased to come in person to our Convocation to accept our tribute, is one which will be marked with a white stone in our annals. We venture to hope that you, too, will remember this day with pleasure, and that you will henceforth accord to our ancient and loyal University a favoured place in your thoughts and affections.

And now, with fervent wishes for your happiness and prosperity—wishes in which all members of the University most sincerely and cordially join—I request Your Royal Highness to receive into your hands this Diploma of the Doctorate of Civil Law.”

## CHAPTER XXI

“ **W**HY should anybody want to hear about our home life ? ” Queen Elizabeth asks with a smile. “ It is just like that of any other happy home.” But we will treat this as a purely rhetorical question and, having glanced at her as a social worker, return to consider her as a mother.

So soon as she returned from her long absence in Australia, she settled down to enjoy the captivating company of her little daughter, whose benevolent autocracy lasted until 1930, when a sister came to turn Princess Elizabeth into a Dowager Baby.

Princess Margaret Rose, now third in succession to the throne, was born at Glamis Castle. The excitement her first birthday stirred in the quiet Scottish village can scarcely be imagined. The Home Secretary, who, according to historical custom, must be present in the house at the birth of any possible heir to the Throne, was staying, with special police on duty, at Airlie Castle, eight miles from Glamis. His visit was unexpectedly protracted, and the long gathering excitement burst into blaze when at last, in the stormy evening hours of August 21st, his car was seen to dash through the gates of the castle.

The villagers stood waiting in the pouring rain, and soon the church bells rang out the news that all was well.

The Home Secretary, Mr. Clynes, found the new Princess wide awake in her cradle in the Tapestry Room.

Having attended her first *lever* or *coucher* (there was some doubt as to which of these two the ceremony should be called) he at once despatched a telegram to the Lord Mayor of London, who has the historic right to be the first person outside the Royal Family to be informed of any Royal birth. He also telegraphed to the Governors-General of the Dominions and Crown Colonies.

The doctors in attendance issued the official bulletin: "The Infant Princess is doing fine." "Doing fine" is a Scotch colloquialism and was used to emphasise the fact that the Princess had been born North of the Tweed.

In London the bells of St. Paul's clanged out rejoicings, and the guns of the Tower of London added their thunder in a salute of forty-one guns, the Royal Salute of twenty-one with twenty others on behalf of the Lord Mayor and Corporation.

At Glamis, the home of her mother's happy childhood, the "lassie's bairn," as the villagers called the baby Princess, was greeted by an enormous bonfire. Flaming on the top of Hunter's Hill, this glorious blaze lit up the larch, spruce and oak trees, crackling and roaring to the great disturbance of the roe deer. This bonfire had been set alight by four little girls with the same torches that had kindled the one lit in celebration of the wedding of the baby's mother seven years before.

A few weeks later the new baby was christened Margaret Rose in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace. The font that had been used for Princess Elizabeth's christening was again brought from Windsor, and the same christening robes were worn. Fascinated, the baby's elder sister watched the ceremony with widening eyes.

In no capacity has Queen Elizabeth better discharged

her trusteeship to the country than in the gentle wisdom with which she has brought up its two little Princesses. This can have been no easy task. To give Princess Elizabeth an early sense of her great obligations and yet keep her natural and unselfconscious must have needed all a mother's loving vigilance.

To the lasting credit of Queen Elizabeth be it said that in this "child of many prayers," we do see qualities not often found together. Her extreme civility never makes her appear unspontaneous, neither has whatever discipline may have been necessary done anything to lessen her natural liveliness. If few grown-up people could be more sensible, certainly no child could be more gay.

Princess Elizabeth has always had a wide circle of adorers. Before she was many months old her photograph was to be seen in every small home all over the Empire, and legions of little girls had already been named after her. Her distinct little face soon adorned the Newfoundland stamp, and in the furthest south the Union Jack now waves over Princess Elizabeth Land.

This dedicated child did not delay to show that she had inherited her mother's instinctive courtesy. While still unable to speak she gave unmistakable signs of a wish to set others at their ease.

In no phase of her life has shyness hampered her social gifts, and now that she has attained the age of ten, the poise and polish of her manners are really remarkable. And yet no one could possibly bring the claim of precocious sophistication against her spontaneous politeness or accuse her of being unchildlike.

Some people seem to think that good behaviour in a child must denote lack of spirit, but one glance at the

radiance and vivacity that ride sparkling in her eyes clears Princess Elizabeth from any suspicion of tameness. Her merry, enterprising face with its ripple of latent mischief proclaims her bubbling and contagious good spirits, and her exquisite manners give no sense of having been imposed by excessive drill. One feels that example has prevailed where precept might well have been in vain.

Stooping over the cot in which her little granddaughter lay asleep, Queen Mary once said, "I wish you were more like your dear little mother." But if Princess Elizabeth does not resemble her mother in appearance, I feel sure she is blessed with many of her qualities. Are not the same serenity, grace, radiance and dignity already perceptible?

Those who knew Queen Elizabeth in her early childhood tell me that the promise of the flower was already discernible in the bud, and that it was almost as though she had some premonition of her destiny, and were rehearsing for the part she was one day to play, so assiduously did she practise her good manners.

She, before her daughter, proved that naughtiness is not the only outlet to an exceptionally high vitality, for her governess declared her "always lively, but always good."

The first time I visited Princess Elizabeth, she was very, very young—still at the engaging stage of having to plant each foot in turn upon the same step all the way down the stairs, swaying in her gait, and talking of herself in the third person. "Lilibet walk Self," "Lilibet thut door Self." But even then one was intensely aware of her small presence. She already had that mysterious quality called personality—a quality as undefinable as it is unmistakable.

Entering the room with very definite dignity, she was graciously pleased to be amiable. Having patiently heard me through a long repertory of farm-yard and steam-engine imitations, she deftly relieved me of my handbag, and displayed a precocious sense of the proper use of all its contents. Spectacles were at once perched on to the tiny nose, pennies pocketed, the mirror ogled and face-powder deftly applied.

When I visited Princess Elizabeth again just after her fifth birthday, she did the honours of her nursery with the manners of an ambassadress, offering me food with the unpressing politeness of a perfect hostess, and showing herself a good listener as well as a good conversationalist. Unlike most children she never asked a second question before the first had been answered, and whenever she saw that her visitor was trying, however feebly, to be funny, a smile rewarded the effort. But, in spite of the unusual correctness of her behaviour, she was as full of spirits as ever, and I remember thinking that I had never met any child who seemed more in love with life.

As soon as tea was over, it was decreed that I should be my hostess's pony. A long string of Woolworth pearls were used as reins and a very strenuous half-hour followed. Walking—I was soon given to understand—was not recognised as a pace permissible to a pony, so I was thoroughly well exercised. Occasionally a canter was tolerated, but for the most part a non-stop gallop punctuated by high kicking was exacted.

However heavy a burden Royalty may be, this little Princess, one felt sure, had not yet been allowed to feel its weight. Whatever the possibilities of her destiny, her mother was determined no shadow from the future should darken the brightness of her early life or shorten

by one single day that which should be the birthright of every child—long years of happy irresponsibility.

Thanks to the splendid health and spirits and all the love that surrounds her, the first years of Princess Elizabeth's life have certainly been very pleasant.

That she had been wisely as well as happily brought-up was, I consider, clearly proved when the birth of a younger sister ended her reign as an only child.

Never for one moment did the Dowager Baby protest against this invasion of her hitherto private precincts, for the new-comer had been so wisely edited—introduced, not as a rival, but as a precious possession. In any family where a much-loved first-born has for three or four years been the only child, the birth of a second child is likely to produce a situation that requires careful handling. A monopoly expires, the curtain falls on an autocracy, and the deposed baby, hitherto centre of the only universe of which she is able to form any conception, suddenly finds her importance dwindled, her premises invaded, and her attendants busied and preoccupied.

As she realises that from now onwards she must share the same love and the same rooms with another baby a flicker of jealousy is almost inevitable ; and unless the grown-up people of her little world are very tactful, this flicker is soon fanned into flame.

But Princess Elizabeth was surrounded by tact, and instead of being resented as an intruder, Princess Margaret Rose was welcomed by her sister as an enchanting new plaything—a sort of magic doll, surpassing the very wildest dreams of Christmas Eve, and no single spark of jealousy was ever shown.

Pleasantly puffed-up with tender pride in the little



sister given her to take care of, Princess Elizabeth's sense of protectiveness was enjoyably kindled.

This is how she announced her new acquisition to a visitor.

"I'm four," she declared, "and I've got a Baby Sister—Margaret Rose—and I'm going to call her Bud!"

"Why Bud?"

"Well, she's not a real rose, is she, yet? She's only a bud."

Fortunately the "Bud" (well-named, for never was child more like a rosebud bright with dew) proved herself well-deserving of her welcome, and has never given even her nearest and dearest any cause to regret her arrival. Certainly Princess Elizabeth has never for one moment wavered in her allegiance to the most perfect of all her playthings.

Full of character and charm, Princess Margaret Rose, now a delicious elfin child of six, is indeed a most engaging companion. One of her best parlour tricks is a really remarkable talent for mimicry.

She loves music and has a faultless ear. When she was only eleven months old, her grandmother, Lady Strathmore, was so astonished to hear the little white bundle she was carrying in her arms hum the "Merry Widow" valse that she very nearly dropped her precious burden. Rumour is notoriously inventive, especially in all that concerns the Royal Family, but to those privileged to see—or rather to *hear*—much of Princess Margaret Rose, it must indeed seem a quaint irony that the particular infirmity of dumbness should ever have been assigned to her.

If ever anyone had what has been called the "gift of continuous conversation" it is this vivacious and exceptionally communicative child.

Certainly dumbness is the very last charge any of her attendants could possibly bring against her. And yet this absurd rumour has been very widely spread. Why?

Queen Elizabeth is one of the women who happily have made very nearly a whole-time job of the bringing up and enjoyment of her children, and one of her few regrets is that the many other important claims on her time have too often kept her away from her nursery. Nevertheless, she made it possible to find time to give Princess Elizabeth all her first lessons herself, and I am assured that for once reading without tears really was achieved.

She has, as will be readily believed, always taken the greatest delight in dressing her two pretty daughters, and much loving care has gone to choosing all the petalled frocks of palest pink, primrose yellow and speed-well blue; delicate attire in which each little Princess looks like one hedgerow flower after another.

One can scarcely imagine any home comfort more delightful than to have the beloved Nannie of your own childhood to bring up your own babies, and this has been the Queen's good fortune. Miss Crawford, a charming young lady, who came to them in 1933, now presides over the lessons of the two little Princesses, and in addition to her excellent teaching, they are under their mother's supervision, instructed by experts in drawing, singing, piano-playing, dancing and swimming.

## CHAPTER XXII

**K**ING GEORGE and Queen Elizabeth have now taken up their residence at Buckingham Palace, but until their accession to the Throne, they lived in a house which, like most other London houses, had a number on its door.

It was not even called—something “House,” and there was nothing whatever to show that it was a Royal residence ; but, at whatever hour one happened to pass 145 Piccadilly, one usually saw a group of people standing outside its door, patiently waiting in the hope that they might catch just a glimpse of one of the “three White Roses of York,” as the Queen and her two daughters were called.

Peeping Toms had no opportunities. The plain net curtains gave an effect of closed eyelids to the house ; but no sentry barred the way, and anyone who wished could walk up the stone-flagged approach to the house and ring one of the two bells respectively marked “Visitors” and “House.”

Those who were admitted found themselves in an unusually welcoming hall, and a few steps across the warm brown carpet, past the pale green pillars, brought one into the cheerful presence of what is known as the “morning room.”

The contrast between the two sides of 145 Piccadilly was as wide as possible and seemed symbolic of the difference between the public and private life of its

mistress. The front of the house opens on to the roar and whirl of Piccadilly, but directly its doors closed behind you, the fever and fret of traffic faded from your ears and, as you entered the large ground-floor room, its quietness came to meet you and enfolded you in a sense of peace. Not a sound could be heard from without, and through the wide windows you looked straight down a long vista of unbroken green.

Though not very large, the private garden, belonging to the house, allowed Princess Elizabeth plenty of space to beat her own records, first on her fairy-cycle and then on her tricycle. Beyond this sanctuary you saw the small enclosure of Hamilton Gardens, and beyond that, as far as you could see, the green stretches of Hyde Park.

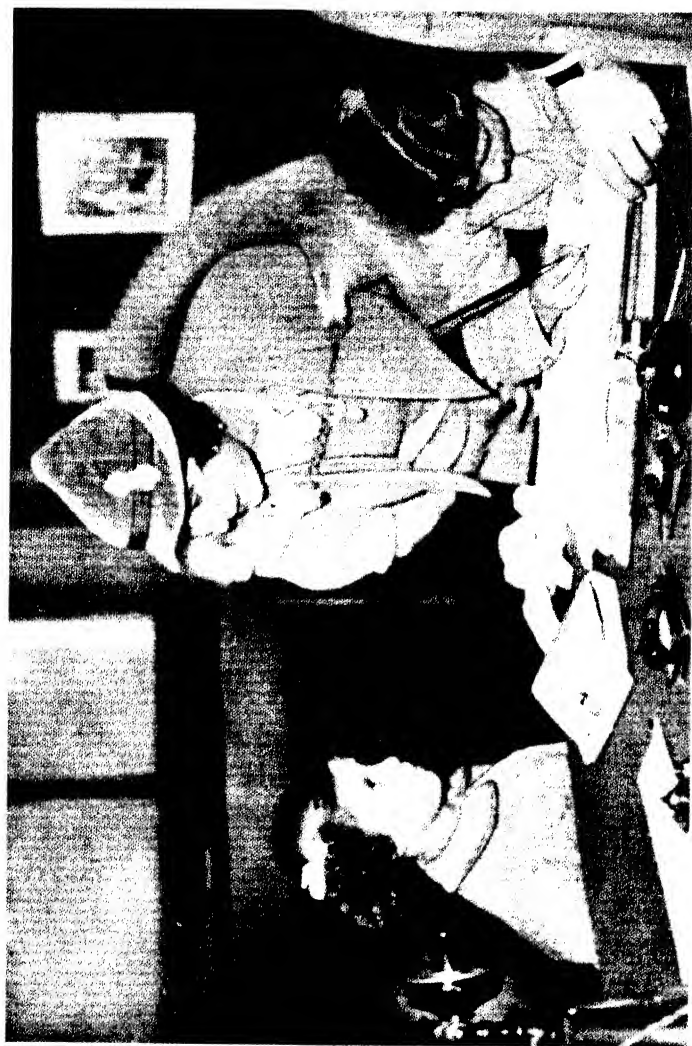
No house in the heart of London could be better situated for quick escapes from crowded streets. Hyde Park at the back; the lovely Green Park just opposite the front door, and—if complete seclusion was wanted, the garden of Buckingham Palace was within easy access. In this huge enclosure there was room to go for really long walks, and the family's golden Labradors were able to run themselves to a standstill.

Like other so-called "morning-rooms," the one at 145 Piccadilly was used at all times in the day: its quietness and spaciousness making it equally delightful for solitude and for company. In no sense was it a modern room. In this age of restless movement, the really up-to-date room seems as though it were trying to resemble machinery. Its scheme of decoration suggests a racing-car or a surgeon's operating-theatre rather than a human habitation. With its steel furniture, bare walls and ruthless suppression of any evidence of human occupation, let alone of individual personality,



*Fox Photos*

QUEEN ELIZABETH LEAVING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AFTER THE SILVER JUBILEE SERVICE WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESSES ELIZABETH AND MARGARET ROSE



*Topical Press*  
THE LITTLE PRINCESSES SIGN THE VISITORS' BOOK AT THE LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS,  
DUNDEE

a fashionably bleak sitting-room, so far from inviting repose, looks as though it were just about to enter for a speed-race. Perpetually "cleared for action," everything not absolutely essential is sternly eliminated. As for any object so personal as a photograph of a friend, you might just as well expect to see a full-sized waxwork !

If Queen Elizabeth had given the angular austerity of this school of house-decoration a wide berth, neither had she fallen into the opposite extreme, from which it is the exaggerated reaction. In Number 145 there was no need to thread your way through "occasional" tables overcrowded with silver ornaments. Nor did the walls suggest that the room had been kindly lent for an exhibition of unsellable pictures. The pattern of the carpet was not over busy, nor the furniture fussy. There was plenty of space and emptiness, and yet every evidence that the room was thoroughly lived in. The comfortable arm-chairs and sofas, covered with the lovely deerhound chintz, looked as though they expected to be used, and the writing-table with its array of enviably well-sharpened pencils, was that of an industrious woman.

What did one first notice in this welcoming room? Over the mantelpiece Mr. Edmond Brock's painting of Princess Elizabeth claimed instant attention. The curtains were a beautiful shade of warm peach; the Persian carpet gently gay with inwrought animals. Books were not all strictly confined to their shelves, a few favourites being allowed to lie about. Very likely a piece of embroidery would be in evidence, for Queen Elizabeth keeps up the needlework so well taught her by her mother (I wonder whether she has yet found time to use the thousand golden-eyed needles given her in a case as a wedding present). A few fine bronzes stood among

the many vases of exquisitely arranged flowers. The tables were not cluttered up with framed photographs, though just a few very attractive ones helped to make the room as personal as it was, the prettiest being one of two children, Queen Elizabeth as a little girl with the inseparable companion of her childhood, her brother David Bowes-Lyon.

I often wonder how much of the personality of a stranger might be gathered from studying her house. From this room at least three clear inferences could be drawn. First, the nationality of its inmate. Amongst many other indications there were the china figures of Scotch soldiers standing on the mantelpiece, and in the book-cases Scotch authors were especially well represented. Secondly, a love of dogs was very obvious for, conspicuous among the few photographs, were some of the favourite golden Labradors. Thirdly, and most clearly, this was a room the freedom of which had been given to children. An ever accessible happy hunting-ground, you felt sure that it did not open its doors only for a stated children's hour. Of its frequent invasion there was indeed plenty of evidence. Behind the largest table stood an enchanting treasury of toys, and one could imagine the delight given by the great glass cabinet with all its shelves thronged with minute china and glass animals, and a herd of ivory elephants, each of them tiny enough to be pushed by a ladybird.

And on the floor behind the black lacquer screen were the two celebrated scarlet brushes and dustpans. With these implements the two little Princesses used every morning to sweep the thick pile carpet, this rite being one of the most enjoyable in their daily routine. A wireless and an immense gramophone stood in perpetual willingness. In fact, in every way this room looked far



too enthralling a place for children to have to leave when the sentence : " It is time to go to bed," fell on unwilling ears.

Fine mahogany doors opened into King George's study, a small but very pleasant panelled room. A delightful flower-picture hung over the mantelpiece and well-filled book-cases surrounded the door. There was very little furniture. Only a few inviting-looking chairs, and a very well-ordered writing-table over which Lady Strathmore's wedding-present to her son-in-law—Mrs. Hankey's lovely miniature of Queen Elizabeth—presided in its gorgeous jewelled frame.

Another radiant picture of Princess Elizabeth, also by Edmond Brock, was the chief feature in the dining-room, a not very large room looking out on to Piccadilly. The walls of the finely proportioned staircase were hung with some beautiful Brussels tapestries.

On the second floor Queen Elizabeth's large and lovely bedroom overlooked the Park, and on the other side was what, in the chilling language of house agents, would be called the " reception-room," a finely decorated drawing-room. Leading out of this a smaller room, once known as the Duchess's boudoir, now converted into the schoolroom, had a lovely Chinese wall-paper. Over the mantelpiece of this room hung Sorin's interesting portrait of the Queen.

From this floor a lift transported one up to the happy nursery precincts in which Queen Elizabeth always spent as many hours of the day as the varied claims on her time allowed.

Few children can have had pleasanter premises. The wide well of the staircase is crowned by a large round glass dome, through which all the sunshine there is streams on to the delightful circular corridor.

On this landing the two little Princesses could be thoroughly well exercised.

Here there was plenty of room to push a perambulator, run a race with yourself, or pretend to be a train ; and visitors, entering the inner hall below, often heard that unmistakable sound, the patter of small urgent feet.

On to this circular landing opened all the rooms of the nursery suite, which included even a tiny kitchen where all the food for the little Princesses was prepared and cooked. The bathroom was particularly attractive, shining with white paint and gleaming metal and densely populated with every kind of sponge-animal.

The day and night nurseries were both large, airy rooms, their carpets a cheerful cherry colour, and the walls light enough to reflect all the sunshine that came through the wide windows.

The outstanding feature of the day nursery was the tall cabinet with glass doors ; its many shelves crowded with Princess Elizabeth's treasures, gifts from all the ends of the Empire. You never saw such a collection ! Lilliputian toys, ornaments, knick-knacks, curios and gewgaws of every description ; models of every variety of soldier and ship ; cottages and palaces in china ; furniture in filigree ; tiny exquisitely dressed dolls ; and—many of these the gift of Queen Mary—beasts, birds and fishes in finest blown glass. Conspicuous in this Palace of Playthings is the lovely miniature silver cradle containing a minute doll. This cradle had crowned Princess Elizabeth's towering christening cake. And on the very topmost shelf of the cabinet, swaggering in all the glory of his myriad shiny "pearlies," presided the Coster Doll, presented to the Queen when in 1928 she attended the Carnival of Costermongers.

Outside in the passage stood a second cabinet

already rapidly filling with Princess Margaret Rose's treasures.

When Princess Elizabeth stood at the window of the day nursery, she gazed out on to an exciting kaleidoscope of life and colour. Just below she could see a very impressive figure, the mounted policeman on his motionless horse, while all around him stealthy, long-nosed cars swiftly glided, scarlet omnibuses blundered, bicycles darted, and anxious pedestrians wavered ; and when she raised her eyes from this patient live horse, she saw, on the top of Constitution Hill, in perpetually arrested prance, the magnificent bronze horses of Captain Adrian Jones's monument to the Crimean War.

Her lovely large bedroom (for she no longer sleeps with her baby sister) commanded a very different view. It looked down on the treetops and far away over the wide green stretches of Hyde Park. In the middle distance stood the statue of Achilles erected by the ladies of England in memory of the Iron Duke ; and just immediately below her window, in the small enclosure of Hamilton Gardens, she could see the stone image of Byron fondling his dog. This room—a congested district of dolls—somehow looked and felt like the “ best guest-room ” in some large, cheerful country house.

Queen Elizabeth had grown very fond of this home in which she and her husband had both worked so hard, enjoyed relaxation as only hard workers can, and seen their children pass through so many of the fleeting phases of infancy. In their work in this house they had been splendidly helped by an admirable staff, all of whom had been with them for a very long time.

Lady Helen Graham, most devoted, capable, and

agreeable of ladies-in-waiting, has been a friend of Queen Elizabeth's since her earliest infancy. Since 1926, when she succeeded Lady Katherine Meade, Lady Helen has acted as Queen Elizabeth's secretary as well as her lady-in-waiting. This it can be imagined was no sinecure, for every single letter received was scrupulously answered. The Hon. Mrs. Bowlby was the alternate lady-in-waiting to the Queen while she was Duchess of York, and Lady Annaly also occasionally acted as an extra. At Buckingham Palace Lady Helen Graham and Mrs. Bowlby with two new members of Her Majesty's household, Lady Hyde and Lady Katherine Seymour, will now be called the Women of the Bed Chamber. A list of the members of Queen Elizabeth's household will be found in the Appendix page 227.

To return to Their Majesties' former home at 145 Piccadilly, familiar and kindly faces smiled on the mistress of the house. As has already been said, Nurse Knight is a very old friend, dating back to the Queen's own babyhood.

Another devoted slave of the two little Princesses is Miss MacLean, the lady's maid, who it may be remembered also came to their mother when she was a small child. In fact nearly every member of this happy household has been in it for a very long time. The butler came nine years ago, the valet at about the same time, and the same cook has presided over the magnificent kitchen during all the ten years of its occupation.

Every member of the household is devoted to the two little Princesses, who have always been brought up to be particularly considerate to everyone in their parents' service.

Directly you entered the house you felt conscious of

the very happy atmosphere which seemed to pervade every floor.

Queen Elizabeth was never able to spend as many hours in her own house as she could have wished. Ever since her return from Australia she has constantly accompanied her husband on official visits to all parts of England, Scotland and Wales ; particularly to the Midlands and to the Black Country.

Wherever their work took them, they were given an enthusiastic reception. Sparing themselves no exertion, they never grumbled at the length of the day's programme.

Their most special concerns have always been the welfare of industrial workers and the care of the young.

## CHAPTER XXIII

**W**HEN Queen Elizabeth makes a speech, as nowadays on important occasions she quite often does, it is never (as with so many patronesses) a matter of merely mumbling a few inappropriate words and then resuming her seat with flushed cheeks and eyes bent on her bouquet.

She is fortunate in being able to speak with charm, distinction and fluency. Each word, slowly spoken in her clear, rather high, silvery, and still curiously young voice, is perfectly enunciated ; and, though the manner of her delivery may convey an attractive impression of spontaneity, the matter of her speeches always shows a very thorough study and understanding of her subject. She usually carries a few notes in her hand, but on some occasions she has spoken without any preparation at all. The wording of her speeches is always her own. She will never consent to deliver any supplied speech that might sound impersonal, pompous or perfunctory.

The last speech she ever made as Duchess of York was made just before her husband's accession to the throne, when she was given the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh.

On this occasion the Lord Provost voiced that city's affection and admiration for the fair daughter of Scotland who was soon to become its Queen, in the words :

“ The Smiling Duchess ! How well our honoured visitor deserves that title. I wonder how many of those



*Graphic Photo Union*

THE KING ENJOYS THE BOYS' CAMP AT SOUTHWOLD





to whom the Duchess of York has spoken as they lay on beds of sickness have recovered all the quicker from their ills and accidents because of having seen her sunny smile, felt the effect of her radiant personality, and had a happy and encouraging word from her? . . .

“ My last words are for the Duchess of York.

“ Beloved Duchess, daughter of our northern land, gracious servant of the State, Ambassadors of Empire, devoted wife and mother, we salute you and ask you to accept this honour which you have so well earned, and which we so gladly confer.”

The future Queen replied :

“ My Lord Provost, the honour conferred on me to-day by the Town Council of Edinburgh is one that I deeply appreciate both as a Scotswoman and as one who has always loved the history and beauty of the Capital of Scotland.

“ Most of the great events in Scottish history have had their beginnings or their end in this ancient city, and in giving me its freedom I feel that you are enabling me to enter more deeply into the heritage of romance and heroism that cling to the very stones of the High Street and its surroundings.

“ I can assure you that everything connected with Scotland, its beauty, songs and its traditions, is very dear to me, and in making me a Burgess of this city you are linking me more closely still, if this is possible, to my native land. In thanking you most sincerely, I can assure you that anything that promotes the welfare and happiness of my fellow-citizens will always be very near to my heart.”

Apart from the many public ceremonies she attended, there were always many other claims on Queen

Elizabeth's time. For one thing she was determined to keep in close touch with all the friends of her girlhood, and they are very many. Her own family, all the members of which she wishes to see as often as she possibly can, is a large and unusually intimate one;<sup>1</sup> and besides this her immediate and abiding success with her in-laws always made her radiant presence in constant demand at Buckingham Palace.

Naturally, she and her husband always had to attend every formal Court ceremony that took place there; drawing-rooms, banquets, balls and all other State affairs. Although these occasions were not so very frequent, they constantly dined and lunched quietly at the Palace, and there was always a standing invitation, one of which they frequently availed themselves, to take the two children to tea with their devoted and adored grandparents, King George and Queen Mary.

King George and Queen Elizabeth also did plenty of entertaining in their own house. A born hostess, the Queen greatly enjoys this rôle in which she is wonderfully helpful to her husband.

Never content with secondhand evidence, the King always wishes to discuss with real experts all the many social schemes with which he is connected. This brought a great variety of guests to 145, all of whom were encouraged to talk shop, and if any of them felt shy, their hostess was always very skilful at setting them at their ease. Then, as the King and Queen have so many friends, pleasant informal small dinners were frequently given, after which, perhaps, the party would go to a theatre or a cinema. Like many of us,

<sup>1</sup> A list of its immediate members is given in the Appendix, page 232.

Queen Elizabeth prefers plays but more often goes to films.

However light-heartedly Queen Elizabeth discharged her various duties, she was never sorry for any leisure that could be procured, and a free evening spent at home was a rare treat gratefully enjoyed, particularly as this respite gave her the coveted opportunity to attend the full rites of her children's bedtime.

"We shall have to go now," she exclaimed once to the chairman just after she had finished her speech at some evening ceremony. "The children will be waiting up for us and they do not like being left!"

On these disengaged evenings, after a peaceful *tête-à-tête* dinner with her husband, she found it very pleasant and restful to be able just to sit and read, or play the piano or listen to the wireless, and on these occasions King George used to be very fond of doing *The Times* crossword, and the Queen, though she has never *begun* one herself, tells me she is sometimes very good at finishing these puzzles. But since his accession to the Throne King George has not once found time even to begin a crossword.

Daytime leisure was also most thankfully accepted. Whenever possible Queen Elizabeth and King George seized the opportunity of going for a walk together, and both delight in lawn tennis whenever they can get a chance to play this game.

On wet days Queen Elizabeth sometimes found time to visit the still-room and revive her old Scotch skill in the making of scones and cakes—an excellent distraction. And there was always some piece of needlework waiting to be finished and so many books of all kinds waiting to be read—books that she longed to read. For besides

trying to keep pace with the spate of contemporary literature, Queen Elizabeth loves to re-read many of her old favourites, amongst which Francis Bacon, Fielding, whom Jane Austen and R. L. Stevenson all take a very high place.

One of her constant regrets is that she is not able to attend more concerts. She has always had a great love for music. Chopin, Schubert, Mozart and Brahms are her favourite composers.

## CHAPTER XXIV

**A**BOUT five years ago King George and Queen Elizabeth acquired a country house of their own.

At Royal Lodge which stands in Windsor Great Park about half a mile from the statue of George III (usually irreverently and, to Queen Victoria's great disapproval, called the Copper Horse), at the end of the Long Walk, they have been able to enjoy real privacy and an undisturbed family life. During the last years most of their week-ends have been spent in this happy retreat, and this custom has given Queen Elizabeth opportunities, not easy to find in London, fully to enjoy the company of her children.

Whenever she is staying at Royal Lodge she reads Bible stories to the little Princesses on Sunday mornings, and after tea in the winter she always plays the piano to them—all the favourite Old English and Scottish songs and Negro Spirituals.

The children stand beside her piano-stool and, in perfect tune, sing with her, and if music begins to pall, they turn to games. A very favourite game is one in which the mother tells a story and breaks it off every now and then, and whenever she stops the children have to go on with the story.

Or she reads aloud. When I asked her what kind of books she chose, she said : “ Fairy stories, *Alice*, *Black Beauty*, *At the Back of the North Wind*, *Peter Pan*—

anything good we can find about horses and dogs, and gay poetry like 'Come unto these yellow sands.' "

As the owner of a country home, during these last years, Queen Elizabeth has found time to become a blissfully happy and very successful gardener ; a taste and talent inherited from her mother. Her sitting-room at Royal Lodge is always full of books on gardening, and gay with flowers of her own growing.

When she first came to Royal Lodge the garden was very wild, so there was plenty of scope for her skill and energy : in fact her first activities had to be mainly destructive. In this work of demolition she was nobly assisted by His Majesty, who wielded the hatchet with immense vigour and with great effect.

Now that the ground is cleared she goes in for landscape gardening with great fervour and gives particular attention to the planting of young trees, always going with the woodman to say exactly where each one is to be planted. She does a lot of tree-pruning herself, and is occasionally to be seen walking about armed with a long pruning-fork, trimming the old oak trees while the children follow just behind drawing a tiny cart into which they heap all the little branches their mother cuts down.

Best of all the Queen loves her so-called "wild garden," in which lilies, primroses, gentians, heather, roses, syringa, magnolia, forget-me-nots, love-in-a-mist, and azaleas, are all encouraged to look as wild, unexpected and surprised as possible !

The one complaint Queen Elizabeth's staff have to make against her is on account of this passion for flowers. Whenever she goes to any horticultural show, she always upsets the entire time schedule by refusing

to be hurried past any of her favourites. Every label has to be read ; each particular rose admired and appreciatively sniffed. As King George fully shares this passion, once the two of them get inside a tent of flowers together, it is practically impossible ever to get them out again.

The King, the Queen, and both their daughters are equally devoted to dogs. Between the four of them they possess a fine assortment making up a pack of no less than eight.

The three golden Labradors ; Mimsey and her son and daughter, Stiffy and Scrummy, belong to the King.

The Queen's especial property is the beautiful Tibetan Lion dog, Choo-Choo ; and the two Pembroke-shire Corgis, Dookie and Jane, are the Princesses' very own pets. Besides these star favourites, there is also a golden retriever Judy, and Ben, a black Cocker spaniel.

At Royal Lodge, safe from the public and the Camera, the little Princesses have spent their happiest hours revelling in all the messy joys of gardening and the blissful possession of innumerable pets. Besides the dogs, there are fawns (only half-tamed), fifteen budgerigars, and—best of all—the beloved ponies on which they ride so keenly.

The Queen very often leads Princess Margaret's pony round the grounds, and every Sunday afternoon the whole family—father, mother and the two children—go to the stables with their hands full of apples and carrots for the horses and ponies. Taught by Mr. Owen, who has been their father's stud-groom for fifteen years, both the Princesses ride very well.

Royal Lodge, built by Nash and Wyattville for the

Regent in 1814, was originally an early example of the Gothic cottages so regrettably fashionable at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

George IV lived in it for the last fifteen years of his life, but after his death the greater part of the building was pulled down. Queen Victoria used to remember being taken as a small child to hear George IV's German band playing in its conservatory. During her reign it was occupied by a succession of Court officials.

When the present King and Queen took it over in 1932, they enlarged the house, and the Gothic conservatory, already rapidly falling to pieces, was pulled down. Almost the only part of the original building now left is the large ground-floor room which was the original dining-room and is now used as the main sitting-room. This was built for George IV by Wyattville in 1829. All the rest of the house is modern, but has been built to be in keeping with what survives of the original design. A wonderfully pleasant effect has been produced, and the pale clouded-pink the walls have been painted is delightfully restful to the eyes in the glare of summer days. The interior is enchanting, and one feels it has exactly achieved the atmosphere its mistress intended. It is carpeted throughout in a soft golden brown, the colouring of all the walls and ceilings is light, and the bedrooms gay with enchanting quilted chintz.

The nurseries and schoolroom are deliciously decorated and furnished. The house, with its well-proportioned low rooms and pretty round arches, has somehow retained the quality and interest of an old house while possessing all the advantages of freshness and the most up-to-date fittings and lighting. It is a small, intimate, unostentatious but ideally comfortable and restful home.





*Marcus Adams*

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH



Marcus-Adams

"THE THREE WHITE ROSES OF YORK"

The Queen took great trouble over the furnishing of the servants' rooms, each of which has its own radiator and wash-basin with a constant supply of hot water.

Though the Royal Family will now for State occasions have to occupy Windsor Castle, I am glad to know that Royal Lodge, their delightful and really little private home, is not to be given up, but will still be theirs to give them occasional respite from the ceremony that must be kept up in the more official Royal residences.

Queen Elizabeth's friends say they know of only one family with an atmosphere as happy and pleasant as the one in which she was a child—and that is the one in which she is the mother.

## CHAPTER XXV

**I**T must not be forgotten that Princess Elizabeth is herself a householder, the very best of all her toys (the gift of the Welsh nation to her on her sixth birthday) being, not a doll's house, but a real habitable miniature house with thatched roof, whitewashed walls, flowering garden, four rooms, a staircase and *real* water laid on—both hot and cold !

This little house, the full name of which is “ Y Bwthynn Bach to Gwellt ” (The Little House with the Straw Roof) now stands in the garden of Royal Lodge.

Its architect, whose idea it was, is Mr. Morgan Willmott, and Welsh craftsmen gave all their famous skill to its building, decoration and furnishing.

Consistently built to the scale to which a child is the adult and a doll the child, it is approximately twenty-four feet by eight feet in depth, with rooms about five feet high. Well heated and lit, equipped with bells, telephone and every modern device for cooking and housekeeping, it was, when presented, able most luxuriously to accommodate its six-years-old *châtelaine*. Nowadays she is perhaps just a little cramped, but there is still no occasion for her to become a hermit. She can entertain even grown-up guests who, though unable to stand upright, may comfortably sprawl in easy-chairs.

The little letter-box outside looks very expectant,

and the postman is able to read the name of the house below the lintel.

Those privileged to enter the miniature premises find themselves in a hall furnished with a telephone two-thirds the normal size. For luck, a silver horse-shoe hangs on the wall. On the left is the "Siamber Fach," the owner's boudoir (I hope she knows the derivation of the word boudoir—from "bouder," to sulk) with its fine white panelling, electric fire, shaded lights, ticking grandfather clock, and wireless set. The bay window with its diamond panes has blue chintz curtains, their design specially reduced to the scale of the house. Over the mantelpiece hangs an oil portrait of the Queen, painted by Miss Margaret Lindsay Williams, and here, too, is King Edward VIII's birthday present to his niece, a bookcase made by craftsmen disabled in the War, and a lovely Elizabethan ship with the Princess's crest on its vellum sail.

On the other side of the hall is the spick-and-span blue and white kitchen, with its floor of silent rubber tiles, well stocked cupboard and glittering array of pots and pans.

Upstairs is the bedroom, containing a half-tester bed with blue and white curtains, a wardrobe in which Princess Elizabeth can hang up her clothes, and a cradle containing the most convincing doll ever created.

Silver brushes glitter on the dressing-table, and the bed-linen is embroidered with the crest and monogram of the mistress of the house, whose favourite room is no doubt the real bathroom with its obediently gushing hot and cold taps, heated towel-rail and scented soap.

Naturally this unique property has its Fire Insurance Policy covering the house and its contents. A full-size policy was drawn out and then reduced to scale by

photography. When folded it is just over one inch wide and three inches long. There is also a Lilliputian Deed of Gift.

“Conveying the house and its contents between the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, acting as chairman on behalf of the Committee of Control on the one part, and H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth of York—hereinafter called the donee. . . .”

This deed bears an ordinary stamp—the only object in the house that is full size. Without a special Act of Parliament a smaller stamp would not have been valid.

Certainly this is a house doomed to a busy existence. Imagine the gleeful zest with which clocks are wound, beds made, floors swept, food cooked and eaten, plates washed and smashed. As for the bathroom taps! Do they ever cease from their labours? Is the *real* water ever allowed to stop running?

The garden with its rainbow beds of everlasting flowers must not be forgotten, nor the kennelled guardian of the house, Ianto, or Evan, the Royal dog, a thoroughbred Welsh terrier, presented with the house as a gift from the Welsh Terrier Association.

How terribly acutely the process of growing up will someday be brought home to Princess Elizabeth! Imagine the day when she first finds it necessary to bow her bright head in her very own rooms. If it is sad enough to grow out of your bed, your pony and your illusions; to grow out of your *house* is indeed to suffer the inexorable laws of change!

## CHAPTER XXVI

UP till five years ago, King George and Queen Elizabeth used frequently to spend week-ends with friends, but once they had acquired a country home of their very own, they showed increasing reluctance to tear themselves away from its sheltered delights.

During the months spent away from home, the same visits were repeated year after year. Every single August the whole family have gone up to Scotland to stay at Glamis. How much the children delight in "Mother's Scotch nursery," as they call this castle, is shown by the fact that in their favourite "let's pretend" game, Queen Elizabeth's sofa in the morning-room of 145 Piccadilly used constantly to be converted into the night express that roars and rattles them up to Forfarshire.

To eyes and ears accustomed to the crowds and noise of Piccadilly, the seclusion and muffled silence of Glamis must indeed make a wonderfully wide contrast, and for imaginative children one can scarcely think of any setting more impressive than the huge castle with all its battlements, turrets, legends and ghosts. Imagine the thrill of mounting the gaunt, winding staircase of the great keep; its reverberating stone steps so wide and cold to small bare legs. Then "Duncan's Hall," dimly lit and presided over by an immense stuffed bear (perhaps a little disquietingly unlike a Teddy Bear) and

the great stone Crypt with its armed soldiers of past centuries ; burnished sentinels standing at perpetual attention against the bareness of the walls.

To rediscover these and many other almost awful delights might well make the first morning of the little Princesses' yearly visit almost too exciting after a long night journey, and it must be rather a relief for them to push open the heavy, studded door, and find themselves in all the colour and fragrance of their grandmother's lovely garden and then to run, followed by several bounding golden Labradors, across the smooth green lawn to the famous sundial with its eighty-one separate dial faces, to find out " What Mr. Sun is doing to-day."

From Glamis each year, the family used to travel north to share King George V's holiday at his beloved Balmoral, and then on to their own small highland house, Birk Hall.

Every single Christmas was spent at Sandringham with the one exception of that of the year 1935, when Queen Elizabeth was obliged to stay in bed at Royal Lodge with an attack of influenzal pneumonia, the first serious illness she had ever had. Her husband remained with her, but Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose travelled with King George and Queen Mary to Sandringham, so that they should not miss spending Christmas with their devoted grandfather. Their father and mother did not at all like this separation, but when they realised that this Christmas was to be King George's last, they were very glad they had made the sacrifice.

Sandringham was probably the place where King George V was happiest. Here he could be most free from ceremony and business, and lead more or less



the life he loved—the life of a country squire. In this large, rambling, very comfortable modern house he greatly enjoyed entertaining many guests for the excellent shooting which was his favourite sport. The gardens are lovely, and the surrounding country, rich with oaks, beech and silver birch, and bright with heather and bracken, is famous for its birds and wild flowers, and the sea is within easy reach.

There was not a single tenant on the large estate whom King George V was not able to greet by name, and Queen Mary used often to take Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose with her to pay unexpected visits to the cottages, in all of which she knew the children by sight and by name.

Every evening at Sandringham King George's Scotch piper in full Highland dress used to come into the dining-room at the end of dinner and strut with swinging kilt round and round the table, drowning all conversation with the strains of his wild music.

At Sandringham Christmas was always kept up with the fullest possible rites and each year the two little Princesses' eyes used to widen and shine with rapture when they saw the tall glimmering tree decorated for them by Queen Mary. And there this last Christmas the five hundred lights on their tree were lit for them by their father who had just become King.

On Christmas morning the new King and Queen walked to church accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, Lady May Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Alice, and the Earl and Countess of Athlone, and when they left the church they were cheered by a crowd of nearly six thousand people.

To return to the years before King George's accession,

Windsor Castle was another home repeatedly visited by his family. Here Princess Elizabeth spent her fourth birthday, and when crowds thronged at the Norman Gate, trying to burst through into the quadrangle to see her, she stepped towards them and gracefully threw them kisses. No doubt she regarded a cheering crowd as a quite natural tribute to a fourth birthday. Later in the morning the Scots Guards marched into the Castle to change the Guard, and when, after the ceremony, they marched back to barracks the little pink-clad figure, now very erect and solemn, stood to attention to take the officer's salute. No waving or kissing of hands this time. Clearly she realised the distinction between a formal and an informal gathering.

Once, long before this fourth birthday, when she was in the courtyard listening to the band playing, a young officer approached her perambulator, saluted and said: "Have we Your Royal Highness's permission to dismiss?" Responding with a grave salute she shouted out: "Yes, please!" turning round with great satisfaction to ask: "Didn't Lilibet say it loud?"

Many visitors to Windsor Castle have vivid memories of her when she could first run, tearing along the interminable corridors to wrap herself round King George V's knees. Grandfather and granddaughter were always boon companions. In fact, her large court has held no more devoted slave than him. Amongst other liberties she was once known to sweep all his food off his plate to give it to her little dog, and on another occasion both grandfather and granddaughter were discovered flat on the floor searching under a sofa: "We are looking for Lilibet's hair-slide," explained His Majesty.

King George V's promotion to grandfatherhood

certainly gave him unending delight. In this one capacity he showed no wish, and perhaps had no power, to govern. His beloved "Lilibet" was even known mildly to reprove him: "Grandpapa England," she said one day, calling him back into the room, "Grandpapa England, you forgot to shut the door."

One of London's very last glimpses of this much-loved King was in the happy rôle of grandfather. Just after the wedding of Prince George and Princess Marina, he came out on to the balcony of Buckingham Palace holding Princess Margaret Rose in his arms. The crowd were cheering below. Suddenly the little Princess gave an especially radiant smile. The reason for this smile was that King George, with that fond irresponsibility and tendency to spoil, so common to grandparents, had just said to the pretty child in his arms: "It is *you* they are cheering."

After tea at Windsor Castle, it used to be a familiar and amusing sight to see Princess Elizabeth, bright as an atom of radium, playing "animal grab" with an adoring circle of temporarily rejuvenated courtiers.

Sometimes she entertained contemporaries at the Castle. One day, a little boy, rather younger than herself, arrived to pay his court. His irrepressible fuzz of curls attracted her attention, and she instantly took off her gloves "to feel his hair." This personal inspection having broken any ice that may have been floating on the surface, she then led him up to Mr. Baldwin, who was standing in the doorway, and said: "Quite nice—isn't he?"

Then no year has passed without visits to St. Paul's Waldenbury, the Hertfordshire home of the Strathmores, where the two Princesses occupy the nursery in which their mother learned to walk. This, the already

fully described scene of so many happy springs and summers in Queen Elizabeth's own childhood, is a perfect summer paradise for her two little daughters. They love the little starfish-shaped wood with all its converging green alleys. To them it appears an illimitable forest. And in the golden greenery of this wood—the wood in which she became engaged to their father—their mother loves to wander with them, and show them the carpets of anemones and primroses that to her—it seems only yesterday—were so surely “the haunt of fairies.”

For Queen Elizabeth this wood—the “Enchanted Wood”—as she used to call it—shimmers with memories. In its shade a medley of unfading sights, sounds and scents assails her; and, as her little daughters excitedly tug at her hands, the intervening years dissolve, and she is drawn back into her own childhood.

## CHAPTER XXVII

**N**OT long ago I watched Queen Elizabeth perform a very picturesque ceremony.

As Patroness of the Women's Branch of Toc H, she was lighting, as she does each year, the Lamps of Remembrance at the annual festival of this great fellowship. I am sure no other ceremony she graces can more strongly appeal to her imagination.

In spite of its great importance and amazingly rapid growth, Toc H still remains somewhat of a mystery to the uninitiated. "What is Toc H?" is a question frequently asked. For readers who still find themselves unable to answer this question I will give a brief account of the origin and purpose of this remarkable movement. To quote its indomitable and inspiring founder, the Rev. P. B. Clayton (affectionately known all over the Empire as "Tubby")—"Toc H is difficult to define. Even its name gives trouble at the start." Here is a simple explanation of an apparently cryptic name.

In 1915 Gilbert Talbot, one of the most brilliant of the young men whose promising lives were cut short by the War, was killed at the Ypres Salient. In his memory his brother, now Bishop Talbot, founded, at Poperinghe, Talbot House—a unique blend of an inn, a rest-house, a chapel and a club. This invaluable refuge, presided over by its Chaplain, "Tubby" Clayton, was open at all hours to all ranks of men and

officers. Its nickname, Toc H, is derived from the Army Signallers' method of calling those letters of the alphabet that are most likely to be confused (D. V. E. T. and P.) by syllables, so as to keep them distinct. Thus Pip stands for P and Toc for T, and in the morse code the initials of Talbot House were Toc H; so before long Talbot House in Poperinghe was conveniently shortened into Toc H in Pop.

During the war over five hundred thousand officers and men streamed through the battered doors of Toc H to find in its unfailing welcome indefinable solace for body and soul.

To the few survivors of those five hundred thousand the nickname of their refuge had grown so dear that, when it became apparent that from the spirit of the shattered building in the Ypres Salient a world-wide fellowship was gradually to grow, the old name of Toc H was perpetuated.

The post-war development of Toc H is entirely due to Tubby Clayton, who had been its inspiration up till the Armistice, and it came into being when he took some rooms in a house in Red Lion Square.

In these rooms gathered a few grateful old friends, who—some consciously, some unconsciously—missed the fellowship of the War, and in this reunion was the tiny and almost chance beginning of the movement which has spread until the number of Talbot Houses are as uncountable as their influence is immeasurable.

During the last years "Tubby" has set a girdle round the world and established Toc H Groups in Canada, New Zealand, Australia and India.

To every group that, by giving satisfying proof of its spirit of service, qualifies to become a real Branch, a Lamp of Remembrance is given in remembrance of

the first members of the Fellowship, those who were killed in the War. All these lamps, the symbols of Toc H, are lit from the first Lamp of Remembrance, that burns for ever in the church of which "Tubby" Clayton is vicar, "All Hallows," Barking by the Tower, where, presented in memory of friends killed in the War, it was placed and lit in 1927 by the then Prince of Wales. Beneath are the lines :

"True Love by Life, True Love by Death is tried  
Live thou for England, We for England died."

A Toc H birthday festival with its ceremony of remembrance and self-dedication, is held every year—often in Westminster Abbey, the object of its simple and deeply impressive ritual being to make of the commemoration of the dead an active inspiration for the living.

In the crucible of war, men found themselves fused into a comradeship which gave to many a sense of enhancement and purpose hitherto unimagined. This spirit of fellowship and unselfish service is what Toc H strives to perpetuate, by offering to men an arena in which to display some of those qualities that usually rise to fullest development only in the fierce heat of war.

Why, it was urged, should war remain the one great impresario of man's highest exaltation? Must his supreme endeavour be reserved for the destruction of his fellow creatures? Could it not be enlisted to wage unceasing battle against the standing perils of peace, to reduce the forces of poverty and disease? If only one tenth part of the valour, self-sacrifice, determination and money that were constantly poured out during the war, just to hold one square mile of territory, could

be mobilized to improve the conditions of life for the nation, what might not one generation achieve?

Toc H raises volunteers for a fight which can look for no armistice, the war against human suffering; and, since the bloodless battles of peace are slow to kindle the imagination, it continually reinspires its recruits by the commemoration of its original members who were killed in the war. Thus, as Barclay Baron, one of its strongest bulwarks, says: "Toc H survives to be the War's truest, because most fruitful, memorial."

In the opportunities it gives for disinterested service, men again find something which, however much they abhorred war, many missed after the return to ordinary peace life; a sense of one compelling purpose and a comradeship dedicated to great ends.

The members of Toc H are recruited from schools, universities, offices and factories. Anyone over sixteen may be a candidate, but no one is admitted to the fellowship until he has proved himself worthy. Once admitted, each member of Toc H enjoys its double gift, the comradeship and entertainment provided by its Hostels, and the opportunity for really useful work. To each man is given his special job assigned to him by the Director of his Branch. By signing his name in the Hostel he pledges himself to serve:

"Old and young—rich and poor, hale and sick. To cheer the way of the lonely with the laughter that is learnt of friends."

To sum up the purpose of Toc H, it was said at a Festival in Newcastle Cathedral:

"It is the aim of Toc H to gather from every class and shade of opinion, men and women who are willing to serve their fellow men in memory of those who served them by their death in the Great War."



It is fitting that the then Prince of Wales whose motto was *Ich Dien*, should be the President of Toc H; and it was at his instigation that in 1926 our present Queen was invited to become the inspiration of the Women's Branch of Toc H, the original six members of which found their way out, during the war, to the Rest-House at Poperinghe. They, too, have their nickname, the "Toc Emmas," an expressive if ugly nickname, for in Army Signallers' language it means Trench Mortars—very effective weapons in the breaking down of barbed-wire barriers. It is against the barriers of class (by ignoring them), and against any lack of sympathy, energy and enterprise, that the Toc Emmas now wage untiring war.

At first they were merely auxiliary, only existing to help the men, but under the inspiration of Miss Macfie they soon extended their activities, and are now engaged in numberless independent enterprises.

Members must always be ready to undertake any voluntary work that is offered them. To give one example out of a hundred. If the mother of a family is ill and obliged to go to hospital, the nearest Branch of the Toc Emmas will supply a member to look after her house and children during her absence.

Like the men's fellowship, Toc Emma unites its members in a spiritual but nonsectarian League, and perplexed women, disturbed by a vague and uneasy sense that "they ought to do something to help someone," cannot do better than enlist under the banner of the nearest Toc H group.

Many branches have already been established in the Dominions, and in 1927 Queen Elizabeth deposited in the Toc H Shrine at All Hallows Church, Barking

by the Tower, a banner entrusted to her by the women of Australia.

Since then at each yearly Lamp Lighting Festival she has lit the lamps of all the new Branches that have earned their lamps since the previous Festival.

This was the ceremony I saw her perform. The meeting began with some stirring community singing of war-time songs, conducted by Sir Walford Davies, for at every festival all the old favourites are revived, and their haunting strains carry one back across the intervening years until once more one hears the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet, swung forward by a song.

Next came a performance of a mystical play, written, produced and acted by the Toc Emmas. The Duchess then delivered that very rare thing, a speech of exactly the right length, from which I quote the following words :

“ The figure by which we best remember the League of Women helpers and the Toc H movement is as a chain of light encircling the world, and the individual members thereof as links in that chain of light. To-night we are thinking of the many dark places that exist in all parts of the country just now—dark patches, where unemployment and poverty exist. A new problem for the civilized world has arisen suddenly—the problem of enforced leisure. Leisure has been called the growing time of the spirit, but at the present time, looking around at the misery of thwarted effort, it is anything but that.

“ In certain places, however, by sympathy, brains, and the craftsmen's lead, enforced idleness has been transformed into well-directed leisure. These circles of light have shown what can be done to pierce the gloom, and



"HER SMILE IS A REFRESHMENT"



*From the book by Michael Chance, published by John Murray*

*Photo by Studio Lisa*

**KING GEORGE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THEIR DAUGHTERS WITH THEIR DOGS**

we know that our League of Women Helpers has its contribution to make in lighting this darkness. Specialised work must, of course, have place in all such activities, but casual work in the form of the innumerable small friendly jobs that are always to be done is of great value. As an optimist has said : ' The trying time is the time to try,' and I feel sure that all of you who are present to-night, when you return to your homes, will throw your minds and energies into helping to transform these black patches of our country, whenever possible, into circles of light and friendship."

Then, like a ghost from the past, appeared Private Pettifer (" Tubby " Clayton's batman at the original Talbot House) bearing, as he did at each Toc H Celebration, the Prince of Wales's Lamp.

From this undying lamp, Queen Elizabeth lit all the old lamps, and also the seventeen new ones, borne in procession after the old.

During this ceremony all other light is extinguished, and the little symbolic lamps burn bright in the surrounding darkness.

Then followed the short ritual of Remembrance and Self-Dedication, with its few prayers, and the recital by Queen Elizabeth of Laurence Binyon's beautiful lines :

" They shall grow not old as we who are left grow old.  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn,  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them—"

the concluding words : " We will remember them," being echoed by the whole assembly.

Few who heard the crystal tones of Queen Elizabeth's voice will forget the effect of those words so feelingly spoken. For every listener they summoned to the

foreground of memory some individual member of the missing generation.

In spite of their general application before each one of us who are left to grow old there flashed the bright vision of some face, everlastingly young, the face of a now unassailable being, "doomed to know not Winter only Spring."

Assuredly, as a war memorial, Toc H promises to outlast pillars of reinforced steel, and even in the present hurricane of distress each one of its countless lamps burns bright and steady.

The lighting of these lamps, the symbols of endeavour and kindliness, gives us an appropriate glimpse of our Queen, who, wherever she passes, seems to leave, as it were, a glow of gladness. To quote the factory girl, those who see her are "left with never-to-be-forgotten moments in their hearts."

## CHAPTER XXVIII

WITH so many homes always wide open to receive them, very little time was left free for going abroad, and since her return from the Australian tour, Queen Elizabeth has been out of Great Britain on only three occasions.

In 1929 she and King George went to Norway to attend the wedding of Prince Olaf and Princess Martha of Sweden at Oslo where the gleaming pillars of ice that lined the streets enchanted Queen Elizabeth. On their way to Norway they paid a short unofficial visit to Berlin.

The next year, unaccompanied by his wife, King George attended the wedding at Rome of the Crown Prince Humbert of Italy, Prince of Piedmont, to Princess Marie José of Belgium ; and in 1931 they both paid an official visit to the great Colonial Exhibition in Paris. Here they were welcomed by large and enthusiastic crowds, and Marshall Lyautey acted as their guide over the exhibition, to which they paid two long visits. They lunched with the President of the Republic and attended a banquet and a state ball at the British Embassy, during which Queen Elizabeth was presented with no less than twenty bouquets.

The Parisians called the Queen : " La petite brunette ravissante," and were delighted with her (as they thought) *un-English* ease of manner. One of their most famous authors said that the old affection and affinity

between France and Scotland seemed to have come alive again in her, and spoke with great admiration of her fluency in his language and her unusual knowledge of French literature both contemporary and classical.

Queen Elizabeth's last visit to the continent was when in 1935, for the first time in her life, she travelled by air, flying with her husband to Brussels for the "British Week," and attending a State Ball at which she danced with the King of the Belgians.

Thus, fully occupied with work, entertaining and the bringing-up of their children, the years passed by with no indication of what the whirligig of time held in store for this happy family.

There seemed no reason to suppose that Fate was to cut short the husband and wife's enjoyment of the semi-privacy of their lives as Duke and Duchess of York, and it looked as though their two little daughters would be allowed to grow up in the comparative seclusion of the "palace with a number and without a name," as 145, Piccadilly has been called.

As unexpectant as he was undesirous of any change in his career, the future King continued to discharge whatever duties devolved upon him. During the serious illness of George V, he was appointed one of the six Councillors of State and, in 1929, again deputising for his father, he presided, as has already been told, at Edinburgh as Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Owing no doubt partly to the Scottish birth of his wife, he had come to be regarded in a special way as the deputy of the King in Scotland, and in 1935—a very full year for both of them—he was chosen to represent his father



officially at the Scottish celebrations of the Silver Jubilee.

This close connection with Edinburgh has always been kept up, and only about a week before his accession to the throne he was there again, this time to be installed Grand Master Mason of Scotland, while Queen Elizabeth was given the Freedom of the City.

During the last two years there have been many Royal Family events involving ceremonials and pageantry, and on some occasions, notably at the weddings of their uncles the Duke of Kent and the Duke of Gloucester, and at the Silver Jubilee, the two little Princesses have been allowed to grace processions. Seated side by side in the state carriage with their backs to the horses, smiling and waving to the delighted crowd, they clearly delighted in all the tumult and the shouting.

The year 1936, during the course of which three Kings have occupied the throne of England, was one of the most momentous in the whole history of the Royal Family.

Four times the Kings-of-Arms, the Heralds and the Pursuivants of the College of Arms have proclaimed to the people the "Royal wish and pleasure of the King"—first for the accession of King Edward, then for the date of his coronation, and then in turn for the accession and the coronation of his successor.

And all this within a year of the day when the body of George V was borne through the hushed streets of his capital, and the Cross of the Imperial Crown fell off from the coffin as it passed on its way to the lying in state at St. Stephen's Hall where, in the middle of the

night, the reigning King and the future King mounted guard over the dead King. And Prince Henry and Prince George stood with their brothers. Each at one corner of the catafalque, with their heads bowed and arms reversed, the four sons paid their last homage to their father and their King.

The death of their much-loved grandfather, King George V, brought the first sorrow into Princess Elizabeth's and Princess Margaret Rose's bright lives.

Less than a year later followed the bewildering news of their uncle's abdication, and, then, in a few weeks these two little girls were again driven through acclaiming crowds, this time to see their father and mother crowned King and Queen of the greatest Empire the world has ever known.

A solemn destiny now claims this happy family. Circumstances bitterly sad have changed the whole course of their lives.

An elder brother, long loved as a well-graced Prince, who had done much service to the State, and from whom as a King great things were hoped, resigns his heritage ("Le Roi le veut") and lays down his heavy burden, which it becomes the unwelcome duty of his unselfseeking younger brother to shoulder. A stern duty and a formidable fate to become King in a world where monarchy has almost ceased to exist.

How much European civilisation has changed since England was last gladdened by the glorious pageantry of a coronation can scarcely be realized. All through the vicissitudes of those twenty-seven years Crowns have been falling like leaves in an autumn gale. Why is it that, whilst all around us Emperors and Kings have been swept from their thrones, there is as yet in

our country nothing large enough to be called a Republican Party, and the monarchy stands unshaken, "broad-based upon the peoples' will"?

For this state of affairs our national character is no doubt largely responsible, gifted as it is with the sense to see in the lonely Crown something that, standing above all political parties, gives a sense of continuity and security no other institution could possibly give.

But apart from this circumstance there can be no doubt that the personality, disposition and sagacity of King George V played a large part in upholding the prestige of his great office.

Irrevocably gone are the days when monarchies could be safeguarded by any pretensions to Divine Right, the appeal to tradition, or the exercise of force. They can now be preserved only by the highest form of public service, by understanding, sympathy, and diligent devotion to the general welfare.

All these demands were met by George V, of whom, just before the War, the American Ambassador wrote in his diary: "The exact importance of the King in the government I could not explain in three hours—if I could at all. But it is even much more important than people think. His real power grows out of his personality."

The nation, who still mourns the loss of a beloved King, rejoices to recognise in the son who must now play his part many of the same kingly qualities.

In his speech to the House of Commons on December 14th, Mr. Baldwin said: "I have the honour of knowing the new King well, and I would tell the House—if they do not know it already—that what will endear him to his people, if he be not already endeared, is that more than any of his brothers he resembles in character and mind his father."

Gratefully aware of his likeness, the people may place full confidence in their new King.

He will not betray their trust.

And however arduous the task of him, who now becomes the "Chief Servant of the State," we rejoice to know that he has one great solace and advantage.

To quote the moving words of his brother the abdicated King, "he has what has not been granted to me, the matchless blessing of a happy home with his wife and children."

Yes, we may feel confident that the gentle but strong personality of his Consort will always provide the peace and quietude so necessary to the tired and harassed; and, whatever the exertions of his great office, our new King's natural taste for simplicity and quiet family life will never be wholly starved, for, in spite of its immense size and vast staff, Buckingham Palace will always remain as genuine a *home* as any cottage in the country.

To quote the Archbishop of Canterbury: "King George will have at his side the gentle strength and quiet wisdom of a wife who has already endeared herself to all by her grace, her charm, her bright and eager kindliness of heart."

Queen Mary (the first English Queen, since Eleanor of Aquitaine to be the wife of one King and the mother of two Kings) had always delighted in her daughter-in-law who, in her turn, both loves and admires her mother-in-law. In her letter to the People on the accession of her second son, Queen Mary wrote, "I commend my dear daughter-in-law who will be his queen. May she receive the same affection and trust which you have given to me for six-and-twenty years."

And in his first message delivered through Parliament



*Dorothy Wilding*

HER MAJESTY, 1937



HIS MAJESTY, 1937

*Peter North*

to the Nation and the Empire, the husband spoke for himself; "It will be my constant endeavour with God's help, *supported as I shall be by my dear wife*, to uphold the honour of the Realm and promote the happiness of my peoples."

Assured that he will indeed devote his entire life to the welfare of the country, we fervently wish our new King continued strength to bear the burden thrust upon him and long enjoyment of his "matchless blessing."

And Queen Elizabeth herself? She who has so truly earned the honourable title of helpmeet. To the delight of his life, the guardian angel of his children, the Queen of his people; we give our gratitude for the past and our trust for the future.





## APPENDIX A

### HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD

#### *Mistress of the Robes :*

The Duchess of Northumberland.

#### *Ladies of the Bedchamber :*

The Countess Spencer.

The Viscountess Halifax.

The Viscountess Hambleden.

The Lady Nunburnholme.

#### *Women of the Bedchamber :*

The Lady Helen Graham.

The Lady Katherine Seymour.

The Lady Hyde.

The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Bowlby.

#### *Extra Woman of the Bedchamber :*

The Lady Victoria Wemyss.

#### *Lord Chamberlain :*

The Earl of Airlie.

#### *Treasurer :*

Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Vernon Brooke, K.C.V.O.

## APPENDIX B

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL INSTITUTIONS OF WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH  
(WHILE DUCHESS OF YORK) WAS EITHER THE PRESIDENT OR AN  
ACTIVE PATRONESS.

Ancoats Hospital.

Association of Great Britain and France.

Archer House, Home for Nurses.

Aged Christian Friend Society of Scotland (Inverness Auxiliary).

Association du Jardin de la France Dévastée.

Barnardo's Homes.

British Dental Hospital.

British Home and Hospital for Incurables, Streatham, S.W.

British Legion (Women's Section).

Central Council for the Care of Cripples.

Charity Organisation Society.

Children's Country Holidays Fund.

Child Haven Home, West Ham Central Mission.

Church of England Homes for Waifs and Strays.

Children's Union of the Church of England Homes for Waifs  
and Strays.

Church Girls' Brigade.

Civil Service Sports Council (Women's Committee).

Canadian Mothercraft Society.

City of Westminster Health Society.

Church of England Temperance Society.

Combined London Hospitals Street Collection.

Docklands Settlements and Malvern College Working Boys' Clubs.

Dockland Settlements No. 2, Eastferry Road, Isle of Dogs.  
Dundee Dental Hospital.

East Ham Memorial Hospital.

Francis Mary Buss Foundation.

Friends of the Poor.

Friends of Aberbrothock.

Friends of Canterbury.

Friends of Lincoln.

Friends of Glasgow.

Girl Guides' Association.

Girls' Guildry.

Glasgow Angus and Mearns Benevolent Society.

Glasgow Hero Lads' Institution.

Glasgow Royal Maternity Hospital.

Grand Antiquity Society of Glasgow.

Guy's Hospital Ladies' Association.

Greater London Fund for the Blind.

Highland Home Industries Association.

Hostel of God (Free Home for the Dying).

Hepburn Starey Blind Aid Society.

King Edward VII Hospital Fund.

King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

Kingston-on-Thames Victoria Hospital.

London Angus Association.

Mathilde Verne College of Music.

Mothercraft Training Centre, Cromwell House.

Mothers and Infants Care Committee and National Children's  
Adoption Association.  
Mothers' Union (Royal Air Force Branch).

National Council of Girls' Clubs.  
National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.  
National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.  
North Islington Infant Welfare Centre.  
Nursing Sisters' Institution.  
National Burns' Memorial Cottage Homes, Mauchline, Ayrshire.

Order of St. John of Jerusalem.  
Oriana Madrigal Society.  
Our Dumb Friends' League.

Post Office Arts Club.

Queen Charlotte's National Mother-saving Campaign.  
Queen's Institute of District Nursing (Scottish Branch).  
Queen's Hospital for Children, Ladies' Association.

Royal Colonial Institute.  
Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables, Putney, S.W.  
Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Glasgow.  
Royal Medical Benevolent Fund Guild.  
Royal School of Art Needlework.  
Roads Beautifying Association.  
Royal Naval School for Officers' Daughters.  
Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.  
Royal School for Deaf and Dumb Children, Margate.

St. Barnabas Pilgrimage Fund.  
St. Mary's Home, Buxted.  
St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington.  
Scottish Children's League of Pity.

Scottish Mothers' Union.  
Scottish Women's Hospitals Association of the Royal Free  
Hospital.  
Soldiers', Sailors', and Airmen's Families Association.  
South London Hospital for Women.  
Southport Annual Flower Show.  
Seal Sales (in connection with National Appeal for Prevention  
of Tuberculosis).  
Shipwrights' Company.  
St. John's Ambulance Brigade.  
  
Toc H League of Women Helpers.  
Tudor Rose League.  
Tower Hill Improvement.  
  
United Nursing Services Club.  
University College Hospital.  
  
Miss Vacani's Dancing Class Prospectus.  
Victoria League.  
  
Westminster Abbey Special Choir.  
Westminster Orchestral Society.  
W. J. Sanderson Home for Crippled Children, Gosforth,  
Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
Widows' Friend Society.  
  
Young Women's Christian Association (Girls' Section).  
Young Women's Christian Association (Blue Triangle Forward  
Movement).

## APPENDIX C

### QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S eldest brother Lord Glamis married Lady Dorothy Osborne, a daughter of the last Duke of Leeds. They have a son, the Master of Glamis, a daughter, the Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon, and twins, Hon. Timothy and Hon. Nancy Bowes-Lyon.

The second brother, Hon. Fergus Bowes-Lyon, who was married to a sister of the Earl of Portarlington, was killed in the War, leaving one daughter called Rosemary.

Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, the third brother, married one of the great friends of Queen Elizabeth's girlhood—a Miss Elizabeth Cator. Their family consists of one son and two daughters—Fergus, Cecilia and Patricia Bowes-Lyon.

Lord and Lady Strathmore's fourth son, John Bowes-Lyon, died in 1930 leaving a widow, a daughter of Lord Clinton, and four daughters, Anne, Nerissa, Diana and Catherine Bowes-Lyon.

David, the fellow "Benjamin" of the Queen's childhood, married Miss Rachel Spender-Clay, a niece of Viscount Astor, and they have one son and one daughter—Simon and Davina.

There was one other brother who died before the War, and also a sister.

The surviving sisters of the Queen are Lady Elphinstone who has five children, the Master of Elphinstone, one other son Andrew, and three daughters—Elizabeth, Margaret and Jean (now the Hon. Mrs. John Wills).



*For Photos*

KING GEORGE, QUEEN ELIZABETH AND QUEEN MARY AT THE  
BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR, FEBRUARY 16th, 1937



*The Times*

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT A GALA PERFORMANCE OF BALLET GIVEN  
BY THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF GIRLS' CLUBS, MARCH 8th, 1937



The second sister, the Lady Rose of the Glamis hospital, is married to Rear-Admiral the Hon. William Leveson-Gore, and they have two children, a son, Granville, and a daughter, Mary.

Besides all these immediate relations Queen Elizabeth has innumerable cousins.



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